

# THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 451.—VOL. XVIII.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1869.

[PRICE 4d.  
Stamped, 5d.]

## LEADING ARTICLES:—

The Opening Day.  
France and Her Neighbours.  
The New Law Courts.  
Gratuitous Martyrdom.  
Ladies at Dinner.

## Woman's Alternative.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

### MEMORANDA.

### REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

Edward the Third.

## A New Poet.

Molecular and Microscopic Science.

"Mea Culpa."

Disinfectants and Disinfection.

The Heights of London.

In Silk Attire.

## SHORT NOTICES:—

Pre-Glacial Man, and Geological  
Chronology.

Great Christians of France.

List of New Publications for the  
Week.

## THE OPENING DAY.

WHEN the Duke of Cambridge was admitted to the freedom of the company which last week entertained the present Ministers of the Crown, a clear majority of the London papers began their editorial remarks on the occurrence with this recondite quotation:—"Excellent well; you're a fishmonger." There are some events which strike all minds alike, and this was one of them. Another occurred on Tuesday. Almost every editor in London began his comments on the meeting of Parliament with a reference to the extreme peacefulness of the first day's incidents, and the *Times* and *Daily News*, with delightful unanimity, declared in so many words that the session had come in like a lamb. Under these circumstances it is at least as certain that Parliament has made a very tranquil beginning as it is that the illustrious Commander-in-Chief is a member of the Fishmongers' Guild.

It would be very futile to discuss with much particularity the reasons of the calm which prevails. There are several which must suggest themselves to everybody. Men feel that after the fitful Disraelian fever they have earned the right to sleep well. The Gladstone Ministry looks "fit," and seems likely to stay in. It is strong, and the Opposition is weak. It is respectable, and the outgone Ministry is "shady." Indeed, it has only to avoid compromise on the one hand and excitement on the other to keep in Downing-street as long as its members are satisfied with each other. That is one aspect of affairs which is exceedingly suggestive of calm. Another feasible explanation is the extreme weariness which the Irish Church discussion has produced in the general and in the Parliamentary mind. Perhaps this is ripening into a conviction that the game is not worth playing out, and that the Irish Church had better be frankly given up. Englishmen, even of the Tory order, have very little appetite for religious domination of the coarse kind which has been maintained by the Irish Establishment; and if they value the Irish Church at all, it is only as an outwork of the English Establishment, which they value very much, and which indeed, with all its faults, is a gracious and graceful institution compared with its rowdy sister. All the hope that remains to the friends of the latter is based upon the prospect of difficulties arising in the details of legislation. On this head the Government—perhaps wisely, and perhaps not—encourages the ready apprehensions of the faithful. Mr. Gladstone was very impressive at Fishmongers' Hall about the necessity of faultless generalship. In his place on Tuesday he spoke of the necessity, in so great a work, of accepting what could be had, and not insisting upon every *minutia* that had been expected and desired. And Mr. H. Cowper, who so earnestly, but

lightly and cleverly, moved the Address in the Commons, confessed that he shrank from contemplating the difficulties which the execution of the Government policy must entail. These demonstrations of anxiety may well excite some hopes in the minds of the Opposition; but they are only indications of the unfaltering determination of the Government. It may be well for all parties to realize what Mr. Gladstone himself, from over-nicety and over-anxiety, is by no means certain to appreciate, that the adjustment of details, when conducted with ordinary prudence, is always reasonably successful where a strong Government is distinctly resolved on a strong policy. Take the whole history of Sir Robert Peel's fiscal changes from 1841 to 1846. Was there ever so great an opportunity for frustration in detail? Was there ever an example of warfare in detail being conducted with the advantage of such various and intense prepossessions and interests? Mr. Disraeli's life of Lord George Bentinck is one succession of crowded tableaux, which if seen in advance, and while the issue was doubtful, would have been as terrible to the Minister as anything the witches' mirror revealed to Macbeth. But each tableau dissolved as it came, and not a single end which Sir Robert Peel proposed to himself failed to be accomplished. If we ask why, Mr. Gladstone will probably attribute the victory to Sir Robert Peel's generalship, which no doubt was great. Our reply would rather be that Sir Robert Peel beat his multitudinous and multiform enemies in detail, because he was strong in numbers, in determination, in public support, and in an imperturbable (though sensitive) temper. All these advantages are within Mr. Gladstone's reach, and if he secures them, he may secretly snap his fingers at the difficulties of detail to which, in his dealings with the House, it may be politic for him to attach great importance. The Government are, no doubt, doing their utmost to foresee and provide against all the objections which can possibly be raised, but they can afford to encounter many which they have not foreseen. A good measure brought forward by a strong Government was never yet foiled or spoilt by opposition in detail.

Nothing could be better or broader than the spirit in which the question was approached by the peers who moved and seconded the Lords' address to the throne. Both were Irishmen, and Irish as well as English peers. Lord Carysfort's speech showed how much genuine Liberalism may be hidden under a retiring demeanour and an habitual abstinence from political action. He gave no encouragement to the notion that perils would spring upon the Government from ambush behind "details." He saw in the strength of the Government an assurance for a prosperous transit into smooth waters. His sympathies were warmly expressed upon every point of the Liberal programme, and, while plainly stating that the past could not



be immediately obliterated from the minds of a high-spirited people such as the Irish, he recognised that justice to Ireland had become a fixed resolve of the national will. Himself a Protestant, Lord Carysfort most eloquently—not with mere grudging readiness to tolerate, but with an enthusiasm of toleration such as characterized the great Liberals of old days—expatiated on the certain advantages of relieving the cherished religion of the Irish people from the opprobrium, scorn, and heartless cruelty which for three hundred years were heaped upon it in the name of our purer faith.

The speech of Lord Monck was a still greater surprise. Like Lord Granville, this peer had to suffer in the outset of his public career from the supposition that he had been unduly advanced. Such suspicions are both natural and salutary, but so long as there are peers the peerage will be an introduction to public life such as nothing else can afford, and of the peers who take to public life it may be expected that a reasonable number will justify by at least average ability and success the good fortune which they originally owe to their rank. That Lord Monck, like Lord Granville, should prove an able public servant was not wonderful. What is at least remarkable is the thoroughness of his Radicalism. Not only is he ready, as Lord Granville is, for every change that can present itself, but he insists upon crying out in the wilderness the Radical ultimatum of his political belief. "He did not desire to fight under false colours. He admitted that, independently of the special circumstances of the Irish Church, he was, on principle and as a Churchman, opposed to all connection between Church and State. He believed that wherever that connection existed the same blighting and benumbing influence would be found to affect the Church, like the influence exercised by protection upon those branches of trade to which it was applied. Holding these views, he did not share in the gloomy forebodings of those who thought the Irish Church could not survive its severance from the civil power, for the experience he had had in Canada of the beneficial effect on the Church of throwing her upon her own resources precluded him from entertaining such apprehensions." Here we have welcome testimony from the highest and most unprejudiced authority to the effect that the Canadian Church is not injured, as some have alleged, by her separation from the State; and we have the first declaration by a Churchman in Parliament that the general principle of Church establishments is doomed. That declaration, it is worth noticing, has been made in the House of Lords by a peer who was supposed to be a mere Palmerstonian. It is hardly possible to maintain with such signs about us that everything is unchanged. The truth is that the old notions of compromise are passing away. For the time they are treasured in diverse ways by a few dilettanti Greggs and Arnolds, while a distinguished statesman is ready to play either compromise or the reverse if by any means he may win the stakes; but the great mass of active politicians is distinctly divided into a Liberal party ready for the most extensive changes, and a timid party who blink and moan incoherently at the diminishing view of the decaying and retreating present.

In the speeches in the House of Commons, besides the great Irish Church question, the ballot was broadly recognised by the mover and seconder of the Address as, by implication, involved in the paragraph of the Speech referring to the "interesting details" of the elections. Mr. H. Cowper, moreover, took what has been described as an American, and what we should call a just and sensible, view of the *Alabama* question. Mr. Gladstone himself, besides expressing with his usual fervour his devotion to the great objects which the Government have set before themselves, gave a reading of the work of the Paris Conference as remarkable for elevation of spirit as for its practical estimation of what has been really achieved by that event, and its freedom from that anti-Greek disposition which found in Mr. Disraeli, the whilom enemy of Italy and Hungary, so fit a spokesman. On the whole, the meeting of Parliament was in all respects encouraging to those whose hopes are fixed on the attainment of great Liberal progress under the conduct of the present Government. The serenity of the debates was not purchased by any concession either of principle or detail; and if it indicated one thing more than another, it was the disconsolate and feeble state of the Opposition.

#### FRANCE AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

SCARCELY has the shadow of the Eastern difficulty passed for a moment away, when the political horizon is darkened once more with a threatening war-cloud. For some years the relations between France and Belgium have been polite, if not cordial, and the old furious zeal for aggression on the side of the Lower Rhine has slumbered in the minds of Frenchmen. The policy of King Leopold was to keep clear, as far as possible, from all political contact with his powerful and dangerous neighbour. The Belgian press, which has always been outspoken enough, sometimes gave trouble to the Tuileries, but on the whole the little kingdom has maintained very amicable relations with the Second Empire. Among the increasing and provoking difficulties of Napoleon III., a complication in which Belgium should be involved was perhaps the most innocuous safety-valve that could be found for the letting off of national jealousy and splenetic vanity. The perplexities of his domestic Government have assumed a grave aspect, and the general elections now near at hand must not be permitted to turn upon controversies of internal policy. To these considerations may be attributed a great part of the indignation which the Imperialist organs in France are exciting against the Belgian Government for its policy in restricting the transfer of railway concessions. The subject-matter of the difficulty is in itself of comparatively slight importance, and only acquires interest from the attempts made by the French newspapers to connect it with the supposed influence exerted by Prussia over the policy of Belgium. The game of the Emperor is a very obvious, but assuredly a most hazardous one. An attempt to kindle an aggressive spirit in France may be successful, and the annexation of Belgium may appear to have certain advantages as a first move; but if Napoleon III. desires, as we suppose he does, to have the public opinion of Europe as his support in the inevitable struggle with Prussia, he is making a grave blunder in attacking Belgium, or even pretending to menace that kingdom on a flimsy pretence.

The measure which has occasioned all the excitement was carried by a majority of sixty-one votes to sixteen in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies on Saturday last. It prohibits the transfer of railways from one company to another without the sanction of the Government, and its immediate object was to defeat a proposed and pending bargain between the Eastern Company of France and the Great Luxembourg Railway Company which would have transferred the control of the latter line to the former. That Belgium should feel a disinclination to see the key to her railway system in the hands of a not very friendly neighbour is natural enough, and we need hardly resort to far-fetched conjectures of Bismarckian intrigues to explain the offensive vote. It is contrary to all reason and justice that France should claim a right to be indignant at the adoption in an independent State of a measure of domestic policy, such as we should here consider a quite legitimate enlargement of the powers of the Board of Trade. It is rather amusing to notice the air of authority with which the French semi-official journals, assuming the dignity of free-trade apostles, lecture the Belgian Government on its defection from the truths of political economy, while in the same breath they call for reprisals in the shape of a revocation of the Franco-Belgian treaties of commerce, "and the refusal," says that eminent economist, M. Granier (de Cassagnac), of *Le Pays*, "of co-operation with a country which so completely disregards the laws of reciprocity." The meaning of this tall talk is that, to punish Belgium for receding from free-trade principles, France is to abandon free trade with Belgium altogether, which is a singular kind of self-tormenting retaliation. In the *Pays* we are not surprised to meet with this or any other absurdity; but the *Public*, M. Rouher's organ, echoes the ridiculous suggestion. We regret to see that the Minister of State is so little mindful of the lessons which he learned in his negotiations with Mr. Cobden. "There is no Belgian question at issue," says the *Public*, "but a serious question of political economy, which has been raised inopportunistically by the Ministry now in power in Brussels. We do not know if it will be settled by legitimate reprisals on the part of France, or by the fall of the Belgian Cabinet." On the other hand, the journals of the bellicose sections of the Opposition make light of the economical controversy, and insist mainly on the political offence of truckling to Count von Bismarck with which Belgium is charged. The *Liberté* rivals the *Pays* in the intemperance of the



language it uses, both towards the Cabinet at Brussels and towards the Berlin Government. The *Opinion Nationale*, which is generally moderate in tone, joins in the cry against Belgian insolence. Subsidized Imperialist organs unite with republican journals in violent language. The *Presse* and the *Siècle*, the *France* and the *Patrie*, assail Prussia with ferocity. But the most dangerous sign is the language which the *Peuple*, the new halfpenny advocate of Socialist Imperialism, has been permitted to use. This journal, which, as our readers are aware, is sold at a loss, being supported by the Imperial Government for the purpose of winning over, if possible, at the general election, the democracy in France from the side of the Opposition, already exercises a great influence, and may be supposed to tell the people what the Emperor wishes them to believe. It asserts—truly, no doubt—that the vote of the Belgian Chamber was intended to protect the kingdom against annexation, and it adds, what we do not believe, that “the majority of the French people desire that annexation, which, particularly since Sadowa, they believe to be absolutely necessary to redress the balance after the recent territorial changes in Europe.” The significance of such a statement, appearing in such a mere mouthpiece of Napoleonic policy, cannot be questioned. The *Constitutionnel* has intimated that the Imperial Government has sought explanations, and demanded a reconsideration of the railway question from the Belgian Ministry, and hopes have been expressed that the Senate will reject the Bill. The rumour of M. de Lagueronnière’s withdrawal from Brussels has been contradicted, and it is said that the Belgian Cabinet has drawn up an explanatory circular, satisfactory to “the susceptibilities of France.” So it is possible that the difficulty may for the present be tided over.

The menacing language, however, that has been used on either side of the Rhine cannot be at once obliterated from the memories of Frenchmen or Germans. The belief that war must come sooner or later, and that the sooner it comes the better, has not been expressed by M. de Girardin alone. He indeed asks the electors to make their choice between “armed peace for ever” or “immediate war, which, having restored the natural boundaries of France, will permit her to set Europe the example of disarming,” and makes no doubt of the popular answer. But the *France* goes nearly as far, and the *Pays* goes farther. “It is necessary,” says the *France*, “that it should be known abroad that France is tired of the present precarious and uncertain condition of her foreign relations. The existing state of things is neither war nor peace. No one is more sincerely inclined towards a pacific course than ourselves; but this state of uncertainty, which compromises every interest and alarms the public mind, is truly unbearable. It is time to have done with it.” From such language as this what can be hoped but irritation and renewed threats on the part of France, met by a contemptuous demeanour on the part of Prussia—bickerings without aim or result, and finally a terrible explosion? The issue of the catastrophe may be not precisely of the kind that sanguine Frenchmen anticipate, but they are blinded by vanity alike to their own points of weakness and to the strength of their opponents.

#### THE NEW LAW COURTS.

THOSE unfortunate enough to be suitors in any of our courts will admit that of all the miseries entailed upon the pursuer of justice, not the least is the inadequate accommodation and ill-ventilation of the courts and their scattered positions. The search for counsel at the last moment when the cause is called on, is perfectly tragic in its intensity and despair. Perhaps some interesting case is being heard, and yard after yard of a narrow crowded passage has to be fought through to arrive at the court where the desired counsel is sitting—and then the return journey has to be made. Half an hour is very commonly consumed in this way, during which time the suitor suffers an agony of apprehension that should melt the heart of an architect.

That a new Palace of Justice is needed has been admitted on all sides, and Parliament in its wisdom passed the necessary Acts for the acquisition of what is known as the Carey-street site. Rival architects have produced elaborate plans and elevations with reference to the site to be built upon, Mr. Street ultimately having been appointed architect to the Commission. The ground was cleared of houses, and we seemed in a fair way towards having new Law Courts that would have been a credit to the country instead of the

widely-scattered, ill-ventilated, and inconvenient rooms that at present disgrace the metropolis. Nearly £800,000 have been spent in the acquisition of the Carey-street site, and it has now been discovered by some one desirous of change that the Thames Embankment from the Temple to Somerset House would be preferable to Carey-street as the position for the new Palace of Justice. The argument in favour of the Thames Embankment site resolves itself into a question of architectural display. It is said, with much truth, that a handsome building will be quite out of sight in Carey-street, while, if placed upon the embankment, it will be a noble ornament to a not over-ornamental city. On the other hand, be it remembered that we already possess the Carey-street site, and have paid for it. That we should be able to resell it without loss is assumed by those who favour the Thames Embankment, and assumed as we believe without careful consideration. A large part of the amount expended in the purchase was paid for what is called compensation—that is, paid to the tenants, whether shopkeepers or others, for their loss of business on being turned out, or for the value of their leases. All this money would inevitably be lost to the country on a resale, even supposing the ground itself would fetch in the open market a sum equal to that paid for it on a forced purchase under an Act of Parliament. It will be conceded that usually the public sell under these circumstances with considerable advantage to themselves, as the purchases by railway companies and other bodies corporate will show. Then, again, a change of site would necessitate entirely new plans, and compensation for loss of business to all the shopkeepers from Temple Bar to Somerset House—an amount terrible to contemplate. This change would also be inconvenient to a great part of the legal profession, and consequently to the suitors. The business of the Court of Chancery, which is at present carried on in the heart of the chambers occupied by the equity lawyers, would be shifted completely away from them, while the Temple would gain nothing. The tendency of men engaged in similar pursuits to aggregation, is natural and inevitable. Whether their pursuits lie in the direction of law, or commerce, or manufactures, the result is the same. They are drawn together by the irresistible attraction of convenience. This tendency is very strikingly exemplified in the legal profession by the members of Gray’s Inn. It is believed that there is not now a single barrister of that Inn practising in the Courts of Law or Equity, whose chambers are in his own Inn of Court. Every one of them has been compelled to seek chambers in another Inn of Court to bring himself within range of his brethren of the Bar.

According to the present plans the courts would be upon the first floor of the new building, and a great deal of fun has been made of the unedifying spectacle of a corpulent judge getting himself upstairs or being taken up to his court in a lift. However, according to Mr. Street’s plans, the courts will be 18 feet above the level of New-square, Lincoln’s-inn, while the House of Commons is 19 feet 6 inches above the pavement of Westminster Hall, and the committee-rooms 43 feet above that level, so that practically there can be no objection on that head to Mr. Street’s plans. On the other hand there is this great objection to the Thames Embankment site, that it cannot be extended. The limits of that site are fixed by the river, the Strand, the Temple, and Somerset House, so that any future increase of accommodation would be almost impossible, while in Carey-street as much more ground as may at any future time be found needful can always be obtained with advantage to the neighbourhood. Of course facility of access is a great object, and on this the Embankment largely founds its claim; but the question is, facility of access by whom? Clearly not by loungers and the idle public, but by lawyers and their clients, coming to and from the offices of their lawyers; and looked at from this point of view, the Carey-street site is far more easy of access than the Thames Embankment. The dispute is one which all can comprehend, and, may be put into these few words: Is the public prepared to pay an extra half-million and have the New Courts placed in an inconvenient position simply that they may be a greater ornament to London?

#### GRATUITOUS MARTYRDOM.

WITHOUT prejudging in any way the case of “Saurin v. Starr and Kennedy,” we may be allowed to point out the singularly opportune lesson contained in its columns of tedious and, in many instances, offensive details. There is a



striking coincidence in the publication of this pre-Raphaelitic view of conventual life at the very moment when a goodly proportion of the feminine members of the Church of England look favourably upon "sisterhoods," "orphanages," and the like institutions. These institutions, in connection with the English Church, are on the increase; they have their lady superior, their nun-like uniform, their conventual observances; they have a literature of their own, the very type and binding of which are made to suggest the Roman Catholic original; and they are daily adding to their numbers girls who are moved by gentle and pious aspirations, and who expect to find in these quiet folds a life of elevated purity and exalted feeling. The prospect has a fine romantic blush about it. Self-abnegation is a beautiful thing. The renouncing of the common pleasures of the world is heroic. In the kindly exercise of the Christian virtues of charity, patience, humility, and sisterly love, must not life attain to a quite ideal standard? Now all these gentle anticipations, coloured by the life and glow of a girl's fancy, have been rudely shattered by the revelations in the case of Miss Saurin. Let any woman who has conjured up a splendid picture of the life she would fain lead in the recesses of a religious institution, read these petty, mean, unheroic details, and how can she believe any longer in her romance? The charm has gone out of it. She perceives that paltry follies and jealousies and captious feminine snarling are not left behind when the lay postulant enters the convent-door. The women are not immediately transformed into angels on crossing the threshold; on the contrary, they begin a life which is calculated to develop their least admirable womanly qualities. For when a lot of women find the chief occupation of their life to be the watching of each other (while the natural safety-valve of speech is denied them), the chances are that their daily walk will not tend much to spiritual edification.

Of course there are some people who take a curious pleasure in small martyrdoms—in the infliction upon themselves of petty penalties, with the notion that this pricking of the skin is attended by super-physical results. So it is; but the results generally develop themselves in the direction of spiritual pride, scarcely hidden under a garment of mock humility. The profound mystery is, however, how such people lose—first, all notion of comparative value; and, secondly, all sense of the ludicrous. Some of the admissions made by Mrs. Starr reveal absurdities the existence of which it is scarcely possible to understand. One of the rules of the Clifford convent is that, if a sister has a rump-steak for dinner (the case was put by the Lord Chief Justice), and only eats half of it, the other half is taken away, and served up to any one else at the next meal. That such a disgusting habit should be part of a system intended to cultivate religious feeling is surely curious enough. Then Miss Saurin was remonstrated with because she wrote to her father and mother, and relatives in too affectionate terms; this natural love perhaps interfering with Christian love in some occult fashion. But the prominent feature of the conventual life, as exhibited by Mrs. Starr, is its almost inconceivable littleness. Miss Saurin is found with "bits of calico, braid, silk, and things of that kind" in her pocket; and these are confiscated. "There was also a broken-bladed penknife," says Mrs. Saurin; but the grand sentence which follows is by far the most significant thing in the whole examination. "I judged from her manner it was her own knife." What a capital picture this would make—the sister holding up her pockets to be searched, the reverend mother bringing out in triumph a broken-bladed penknife and then watching the face of the culprit to detect the ownership of the contraband article! By what process of divination Mrs. Starr did discover, from a girl's features, that she was the owner of a penknife, does not appear. That a girl should be reprov'd in presence of the community because she took some tallow for her chilblains, and dropped some of it on the floor, is also significant. It shows us, at least, that in addition to the artificial annoyances created within convents, such natural inconveniences as chilblains occasionally invade these sanctuaries. Add to these instances of very unheroic conditions, one or two broadly farcical incidents, and we have the picture complete. Sister Mary Scholastica is said to have been caught in the pantry, standing before a ham. The reverend mother asks her a question, but the sister's mouth is so full that she cannot answer. Moreover, "all the lower part of her face," we learn, is "besmeared with grease." She turns pale, is like to faint, and "springs from the place." This may be true or untrue, but, in either case, the pettiness of convent life and convent squabbles is the same. It was not on that occasion, but on another, that Sister Mary Scholastica was seized with remorse of conscience, and pathetically remarked, "Reverend mother, I am ashamed of my large appetite"!

It would be unfair to these institutions to take Mrs. Starr as the type of lady superiors, or Miss Saurin as the type of "sisters." But there can be no doubt of the accuracy of the description they give us of conventual life. Both sides having so far been heard, there are facts established which sufficiently show what manner of existence obtains in those establishments after which so many good women are at present secretly hankering. In this respect we can understand the interest which the public has taken, morning after morning, in reading tedious and paltry recitals of weakness, prevarication, spite, and general ill-feeling. A more irritatingly dull and stupid story it would be impossible to imagine, did not one perceive that in this dullness and stupidity lay its ethical value. Convent life is not romantic. It is not a series of ecstatic visions and lofty aspirations, but a system of petty and gratuitous personal inflictions. Instead of life being beautified by the rapt contemplation of its higher and nobler qualities, it is intended to scourge it into holiness by forcing it to look on its meanest phases. All these details of petticoat-washing, of squabbling over cold mutton, of spiteful reprisals about boots, thimbles, counterpanes, and so on, with the pervading atmosphere of suspicion and dislike, are not calculated to make convents more popular among us. Indeed, we cannot conceive of any Englishwoman reading this description of conventual life and failing to be struck with a sense of shame and aversion—shame that any section of her countrywomen should have made such an exhibition of themselves; aversion for a system that includes such possibilities. Occurring just at this moment, as we say, this photograph of sisterhood life is likely to be a most beneficial counter-agent against the idealistic dreams which are so much in vogue in the English Church. The fine realistic touches about smeared chins, "mumps," scanty bedclothing, chilblains, unpleasant food, and all the rest of it, have a wholesome air of truth about them, and they are certain to have a considerable effect in modifying imaginative tendencies towards little martyrdoms. If our young ladies must do penance and torture themselves into goodness, let them do it in their own house, and in a cleanly fashion. Let them prescribe for themselves a dose of arithmetic, or the adoption of history instead of fiction as their literary amusement—either will have as good an effect on their religious training as the eating of a scrap of steak that was the yesterday's leavings on their neighbour's plate.

#### LADIES AT DINNER.

THE Dramatic Sick Fund Association dinner is noticeable for the fact that ladies take part in it; at least, one of them is expected to make a speech. Of late years there has been in other quarters an attempt made to establish the humanizing custom of introducing an element at banquets which to some extent takes away the wearisome monotony of those festivals. The morbid affectation of the poet who could not bear to see a woman eat is not likely to be approved in such a period as this, when ladies have abandoned tight lacing, and have adopted costumes that utterly discomfit any sentimentalist who would prefer to consider them rather as angels than as women. At private dinners nowadays a young lady does not play with her knife and fork as with her fan, nor does she deprecate the charging of her glass with that pretty self-denial which historians of earlier fashions tell us was in vogue twenty years ago. On the contrary, she is curious about the *menu* (despite what the idiotic books of etiquette say), and has not the least objection to a second complement from the champagne bottle. Hence we see no reason whatever why the sex should not regularly appear at public entertainments of a turtle-soup description. It is more or less the practice to find chairs for them when the dessert is put on, and when they are subjected to a course of speeches; but this is surely unfair and oppressive. It is work without play with a vengeance, and the good humour with which they sit out the infliction is a proof of the length to which the sweet hypocrisy of the feminine nature will go. Ladies are even more curious than men on the subject of public characters. They stuff their albums with portraits of Mr. Disraeli, the Bishop of Oxford, or Mr. Dickens; but they seldom have an opportunity of seeing those personages in the flesh. Mr. Gladstone is a mere name to them; Mr. Bright only rendered familiar through *Punch*. It would give them the greatest pleasure not only to look at those distinguished men; but to behold the lions feeding, and to feed with the lions, it might be, at the same table. It is in such a spirit, and with such an ambition, that many a man buys a ticket for a public dinner, and it may be taken for granted that if the impulse is considerable with our sex, it is no less than formidable with the other.



There is a fashion in direct connection with this theme to which it may not be here out of place to refer. We have spoken of the disappearance of the hallucinations that all women were constituted after the manner of the typical queens of Spain, and we have noted that when they dine in good society they have no hesitation in rationally satisfying their appetites. It should, however, be remembered, that it is easier to do this and avoid notice than it would have been in the time of Byron. The number of dishes has increased, and if one were only to peck at a third of them, a good deal of business might be got through. It was different when slices of heavy meat were sent round, and there was no escape under the quiet and effectual cover of variety. The same thing may be observed as to the wines. With four or five different glasses it is possible to keep oneself in a genial and liberal spirit without attracting attention, and it may be said that the newest designs in wine-glasses are calculated to afford many consolations to those who have strong heads. Mr. Lever has remarked the extraordinary influence on the dinner-table conversation of the very first round of the Röderer or Clicquot; and certainly the modern glasses are calculated to increase this influence to a considerable degree. But it is, after all, the most unhealthy sentimentalism to deny a lady the right of using her own discretion as to eating and drinking; and we are rejoiced to observe that such a ludicrous and illogical piece of affectation is rapidly disappearing. The custom of the ladies retiring to the drawing-room at a certain stage of the proceedings, however, still continues. This is a relic of a barbarous time, of a time when Squire Western told his fastidious stories, and of a later period, when the departure of the women was the signal for horrible old boys to conjure up with port wine the evil reminiscences of their youth. We have nearly got rid of port wine, and the old boys are things of the past. Their modern prototype is content with coffee after his dinner, and is prudent and well-bred enough to know that there has been a change so far in manners that even the *jeunesse dorée* do not care for highly-spiced anecdotes. There is really, then, no excuse for this lingering at the table. In the best houses efforts have been made, and successfully, to do away with it; and in time it will be as unusual as the stupid practice of toasting or drinking healths. But the ladies ought to take the reform in their own hands. Let them not retire until the gentlemen are prepared to go with them. A man now has an opportunity of taking quite as much wine at dinner as may be good for him, and the time over which the courses extend enables him to drink without unseemly haste. Besides, people would by this means escape the tiresome boasting and bragging which sets in on the departure of the ladies, and the enjoyment of the society in the drawing-room over the music would be proportionately increased.

During the season there will be a number of public dinners at Willis's Rooms and elsewhere, and we would emphatically suggest the admission and invitation of ladies to them. We have given a few reasons, and there are many others. Their presence would doubtless contribute to sobriety on those occasions, and would, we should hope, have an ameliorating influence upon the oratory. We should not at all desire in the speeches the sort of vulgar *équivoques* which are greeted with "laughter," when the health of the ladies is proposed. It should be made a social capital offence for a gentleman to take the advantage of a prominent situation to utter *double entendre* phrases, as it is a capital offence in private society. But we have observed that at the few public dinners to which ladies come, little spirits of uncomfortable fun were indulged in by the speakers chosen to propose them. Could not this "toast" be left out altogether? It would be more respectful to the sex to regard them, so to speak, as homogeneous with ourselves, and not as an institution like the Army, the Navy, or the Press. We should thus avoid the risk of hearing those inveterate jokes which are brought forward by limp orators to help them to the end of a speech, and obviate the chance of being irritated by the speaker who wishes to be thought a sad dog, and who proves himself to be a very sorry one. The rooms would be vastly improved in appearance if the ladies were scattered amongst the company as active partakers in the scene, instead of being placed against the walls merely to look on. No doubt many ladies would regard the privilege we claim for them as a very questionable advantage, and not worth the trouble of dressing for; but they should have a choice at least. Their amusements comprehend some knowledge of mankind as it hunts, as it croquets, as it dances; but not as it eats and makes speeches. It is well known that girls like to be brought behind a lattice in a certain respectable supper-room, where they can listen to the music and gaze on the men below refreshing themselves with kidneys. We do not

propose that they should be brought nearer the waiters in resorts of this kind; but surely at public dinners there is no objection to their gratifying a natural curiosity, and having a certain source of enjoyment in the bill of fare itself. If such a fashion were attended with the results we have ventured to predict, and with the further result of breaking up these junketings earlier than they are usually got over, a custom which has brought on us some ridicule and considerable weariness would develop into a pleasing reunion. It would also afford the mother of daughters so many wider opportunities for the display of her treasures, besides permitting her to take her own pleasure in a more substantial way than lies within her reach during the campaigns carried on with intervals of crush suppers and chary incidental ices.

#### WOMAN'S ALTERNATIVE.

THE young gentlewoman of our times is really a very unfortunate creature. Accused of innumerable follies, she is also the cause of folly in others. It used to be said that the Schleswig-Holstein question, if prolonged for a sufficient time, would have turned Europe into a gigantic lunatic asylum; and this discussion of the manners and morals of the modern "young lady" seems to have already produced its share of contemporary insanity. Staid journalists, who have hitherto been chiefly concerned about Russian encroachments or about the difficulties of Italian finance, have suddenly woken up to a sense of the deep depravity exhibited by the young women who are the most prominent feature of good society. This profligate creature is suspected of countless crimes, the greatest of which, is, perhaps, that she quietly ignores the suspicion. The social fabric is beginning to totter by reason of her unpardonable freaks. A very pretty catalogue of offences is made out against her. First, she does nothing; secondly, she does that saucily; thirdly, she is given up to a life of frivolous pleasures; she talks slang; she discourses of forbidden subjects; she is hard-hearted, scheming, avaricious, ignorant, bold, indelicate. Men are afraid of her; women denounce her. Society, in short, is up in arms against her; and would doubtless seize her and expel her, but for the trifling circumstance—that she is not to be found.

However, in the present number of *Macmillan's Magazine* one of these hypothetical beings appears as the counsellor of her class. She accepts the charges that have been made against herself and her sisters. She admits—and, considering the nature of the admission, we should be very glad to know who it is who thus compromises the entire girlhood of England—that "there is scarcely any alternative for a girl in fashionable society between reckless dissipation and a convent life." This is a very cheerful conclusion, certainly; for, if we consider what an exceedingly small proportion of our young women go into convent life, it follows that there must be a frightful majority who have given up to "reckless dissipation."

It is very sad; but, coming from one of the criminals in the dock, who can doubt the confession? Without hinting for a moment that the exaggerated sentiment abroad at present has given rise in this particular young person's mind to a vast amount of misconception and absurdity, let us see what she actually points out as the cause or causes of this disastrous state of affairs. She takes the case of a girl who has been well educated, by parents possessed of ample means; she has caught a tinge of poetry out of her school exercises in foreign languages; she obtains glimpses of the outside world through her father's newspaper; she encounters religious emotions in listening to the preacher's inculcation of self-denial and other moralities; "she is stirred with enthusiasm, and she looks about for her own personal duties, and asks to have a post assigned her in the battle-field of life." According to our informant, every post is filled up. At home, servants do everything that is wanted; out of doors, the trained teachers in the parish school regard her "amateur labours" with contempt, or else her mother interferes lest she should catch some contagious disease. She becomes dissatisfied. She dare not study lest she be called a "blue." She begins to think that all her accomplishments are valueless. Then her mother, to amuse her, gets up a ball at home, and here she finds delight. Our pious informant at this juncture suggests that the little flatteries and courtesies of the ball-room are felt to be so wicked by the novice that the girl goes to church, in order that "the Church may restore her to her better self." Her conscience is startled. Shall she fly to the Church of Rome; or else drown her misgivings in the flowing dance? She chooses the latter. She enters upon the mad excitement of flirtation. She grows "fast." She cultivates slang. Indeed, in order to complete



the character, she "must stifle every feeling of delicacy, and amuse herself by making good men blush, while bad men laugh. Worse still; horrid stories creep about, hinting at deeds worse than words; and scandal, which no one seems able to contradict, caps every story with a worse." What is the final end of this abandoned being? Perhaps she falls in love with a popular tenor; or perhaps—to make herself a dreadful warning—she takes to writing articles in monthly magazines.

This aimless and garrulous nonsense would be unworthy of comment if a considerable number of people did not believe in it. The worst effect of it is likely to fall upon tradesmen's daughters, who may fancy that they ought to copy the career here described in order to be in the fashion. Even upon other girls it may produce bad results. They are told, what is manifestly absurd, that they have no means of occupying their time, and that there lie before them only the two alternatives—conventual life or dissipation. Now, the whole theory is built on a radical misstatement of facts. Our daughters have as much to do—have as many avenues of action—as our mothers had. Our daughters take a great deal more out-of-door exercise than our mothers did; and the longer the time they spend in this fashion the better. Morbid fancies about conventual life and confession do not arise in the minds of girls who do plenty of walking, riding, or driving. And it is the merest childishness to say that a girl is deprived of occupation in-doors because the servants do everything. The servants cannot do everything in a house, and, wherever a girl is in the slightest degree inclined to find work for herself, there is always plenty to be found. Nay, is it not notorious that such work is found? It may be that the work performed by the young lady is not prodigiously valuable—that in any labour-market it would not fetch bread and butter for her; but that consideration is beside the question. We merely affirm that any girl who wishes to occupy her time profitably at home may do so. Further, she may, in doing so, exert and use those very accomplishments which she is said to regard as worthless. In a hundred different ways there is always employment and usefulness for any young girl who wishes to kill time without having to go into a convent as a last resource. She may turn her mother's house into a school for the learning of the duties which, in the event of her marriage, she will necessarily undertake. She may assume the direction of the small social festivities, of the ordinary daily arrangements, of the grander business of planning excursions to the seaside or to some foreign country, with great good to herself and with satisfaction to the rest of the household. She may, in short, take the place of her mother; and that she often does so—to the manifest comfort of her own family and the admiration of visitors—is, we presume, known to everybody whose acquaintance-circle is not confined to St. John's Wood. The intrinsic value of this work, we say, may be slight; but its accidental value is enormous—if only in the way of giving young girls a certain firmness and matronliness of tone. But, indeed, it is unnecessary to enter upon a catalogue of the various duties which lie before any girl willing to undertake them; and it is chiefly unnecessary from the fact that girls, as a rule, do undertake them, and are expert in their performance. The slangy, fast girl, who is supposed to be seen everywhere, is a myth whom a few not over-brilliant satirists have invented for their own purposes; and she has lately become a common nuisance. If the first of the two papers in *Macmillan* is not a hoax, we must regard it as the composition of a very weak woman, whose brain has been preternaturally excited. Her confessions, therefore, are only a psychological curiosity, and are not to be taken as dealing with matters of fact.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AN interesting discussion on the criminal classes took place this week at the rooms of the Social Science Association. A special committee had waited on the Home Secretary, to urge upon him the necessity of a more rigid supervision of discharged convicts. The committee express their belief that a Bill will be brought before the House to effect this object, and embody their own views in the following resolutions:—1. That the sentences of proved habitual criminals ought to be in all cases, and without reference to the offence for which they may finally be convicted, for a penal servitude of long duration. 2. That police supervision should be made more efficient by the establishment of a central authority controlling, and a register recording, the movements of convicts on license. (Something like this is done, but done badly.) 3. That magistrates should be empowered by law to require any person who has twice been

convicted of felony, and who either can be proved to be associating with thieves, or is unable to show that he is earning an honest living, to give bail as a security against his committing any new offence, and that, failing to give such security, he should be committed to prison. That to harbour persons who have been repeatedly convicted of crime, and who are unable to show that they have an honest means of living and paying rent, should be made a criminal offence. We can add nothing to these excellent stipulations. They aim at the extirpation of a class which has become a class through an organization uninterrupted by law. The effect of a Bill including the foregoing conditions might possibly shock a few philanthropists, to whom a jail-bird affords an opportunity of exercising an amount of sickening sentiment, but it would soon put an end to the open pursuit of ruffianism which is plied just now with more or less security.

THE Marquis de Lavalette has been making some suggestions at Rome with reference to the approaching Ecumenical Council, which have given considerable dissatisfaction to the Pope. In a despatch to the Marquis of Baumeville, the French representative at Rome, the Foreign Minister promises a guard of French troops to insure liberty to the deliberations of the Council (a liberty which is not likely to be endangered), but at the same time expresses a hope that the Pontiff will not permit the introduction of topics calculated to disturb the harmony now prevailing among the French clergy. That this harmony is more superficial than profound is apparent from the fact that the discussion of the question of Gallicanism would, according to the statement of the Marquis, as reported by the Roman correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "divide the Bishops of France into two hostile camps, nor would they be less disunited in their views on the organic laws, and the dogma of the infallibility of the sovereign Pontiffs." It is well known that the semi-independence of the Gallican Church is highly distasteful to Pío Nono, and that one of the objects of the Council is to discuss this very thing. The Marquis's despatch is regarded as an attempt at dictation; but the Pope is dependent on the Emperor—and what can he do, poor man? Nothing, but refuse a cardinal's hat to the Archbishop of Paris.

THE Spanish Constituent Cortes opened on the 11th inst.—not without a good deal of excitement and some disturbance of the peace. The most remarkable thing that has yet happened is the defeat of Olozaga, the Progressist candidate for the presidency of the Cortes, and the election of Rivero, the democratic candidate. This is another proof of the growing strength of the Republican party, and, in the opinion of the *Times* correspondent, Prim has lost all hope, and perhaps all desire, to save the monarchy, and will probably be elected as President of the Government, which would thus become *de facto* a republic. At the same time he will, if possible, remain at the head of the War-Office, and will then be able to wield, with scarcely a check, that important power in Spanish politics, the army. All this looks very like the first step to a military empire. The idea of a triumvirate is said to be abandoned as impracticable, and Prim becomes every week more and more the man of the future.

FUAD PASHA, the Ottoman Minister of Foreign Affairs, has died at Nice, after a long illness. He was one of the most eminent, one of the most cultivated, and one of the best of Turkish politicians. Himself a poet, and the son of a poet, he was another proof that literature and statesmanship are not irreconcilable qualities.

WHAT great men directors used to be, and how are the mighty fallen! The formation of Lafitte & Co., Limited, has been elucidated this week before Vice-Chancellor Malins, Mr. Harvey Lewis, M.P., being the latest "warning." This gentleman was a promoter of Lafitte & Co., a director of the Ottoman Financial and of the National Banks, while one of his co-promoters was chairman of the International Contract. The thing desired was that the public should take shares in Lafitte & Co., Limited, which the public hesitated to do even in the mad days preceding the general crash. To get a settlement on the Stock Exchange, and to float the company, as it is called,—which means to induce ignorant persons to take shares on the faith of a supposed general demand for them,—the International Contract Company subscribed for 40,000 shares in Lafitte & Co., paying for them with their promissory notes. The Ottoman Financial Company had previously agreed to take 35,000 shares, to hand over their assets to Lafitte & Co.,



and go into liquidation, but they failed to carry out their agreement. The International was to receive £25,000 for placing the 40,000 shares. But bad shares could not be placed even in 1865 without money, and money was scarce with the International and the Ottoman Companies. A broker, or even a director, cannot be expected to drag his clients and friends into a bogus company for nothing, and the deposit on the 40,000 shares had to be paid; so the National Bank advances the money for the International on their promissory notes, the directors of Lafitte & Co. undertaking to leave in the hands of the bank sufficient funds to meet the promissory notes as they became due. The bank give their certificate to the committee of the Stock Exchange that the shares are taken up and the deposits paid, and so another great bubble is set afloat. The Vice-Chancellor, it is true, calls the proceedings "false, fictitious, and fraudulent;"—but these things look so different now to what they did in 1865,—and the bank has to repay to Lafitte & Co. about a quarter of a million which they had paid to themselves on the guarantee of the directors of Lafitte & Co., such guarantee being beyond the powers of the directors of the latter company. Mr. Harvey Lewis and his friends are also held liable for this amount, and for the costs. Altogether, we fear that directors will be "disedified."

TEDIOUS as some of its details are, the judge and counsel have contrived to get a little fun out of the Saurin case; and it even appears that the nuns themselves laugh occasionally within the sacred walls—which is one of the most satisfactory things elicited throughout the inquiry. Mrs. Ker—the lady who has worn her boots about her neck as a penance—made a curious retort on Thursday. She was questioned with reference to the charge against Miss Saurin of having once treated herself surreptitiously to strawberries and cream, and was asked if it was a grave fault. She said it was. "The Solicitor-General: Was it a *malum in se*? Was it a sin? Witness: It was not a sin. To eat an apple might not be a sin, but we know what grave consequences once followed from doing so." We can only hope that no such consequences will flow from the one act as from the other; or, at any rate, that we shall not all of us have to bear the punishment.

THE new regulations for Court costume are pliant enough to permit gentlemen of the old school to retain the greater portion of their present dress, while they command a picturesque coat and trousers for those who desire to be on a level with the fashion. It is sincerely to be hoped that the interest displayed in the subject will tend to do away with the abominable garments now in vogue for balls and dinners. The modern dress coat, like the modern hat, is one of the most stupid and inartistic of coverings. The theory of writers on these topics who go deep into them is, that for every fashion a natural as well as an historical cause can be found. For instance, when great people are deformed in any particular, they wear articles of all sorts to hide the distortions. "If a reigning beauty," an author tells us, "chanced to have an unequal hip, those who had very handsome hips would load them with that false protuberance which the other was compelled by the unkindness of nature to substitute." Patches, we are informed, were brought in by a lady who wished to conceal a wen on her neck; large wigs were the device of a French barber who wanted to hide a defect in the shoulders of Charles VII. of France; for our low-necked costumes we are indebted to a Queen of Bavaria who was proud of the fairness of her skin; and so on. It would be difficult, however, on this principle, to account for the tail-coat of the present day, which appears designed to make tall men ridiculous, short men absurd, and fat men objects of scorn and derision.

AN enterprising tailor announces "a new book on gentlemen's attire, with forty-three figures, the heads of thirty-seven being portraits. Thirteen are of young princes from four to sixteen years of age, two clerical, and twenty-two those of celebrities in connection with music and the drama. By the aid of this book, gentlemen and their sons can be measured and secure a perfect and graceful fit." We have not the least doubt of it, but why the "thirteen young princes?" And how are they made up, even when our own numerous Royal family is included amongst the illustrious collection?

THE *Pall Mall* again calls attention to the sale of sermons. These articles are dirt cheap, at present. You can have a profound homily for six shillings, and a sweet thing in discourses for half a crown. Is your taste "High"—purchase one of a

warranted Ritualistic pattern; is your taste "Low"—come and choose from this other lot. Such is the tone of the advertisements in the *Guardian* and elsewhere. We were hitherto under the impression that the cheapest literary or semi-literary product that could be got was a letter from a "London correspondent" to a provincial journal. These wonderful things are made for small change, but the mechanics who construct them "manifold" their wares. Let intending purchasers of cast-off sermons be cautious. Your half-crown dissertation on the Epistle to Timothy, procured for the express edification of the parishioners of Slowtown-in-the-Marsh, may be doing simultaneous duty at Slopborough-by-the-Sea. But where is the harm, after all? Do not the gentlemen who provide the market with these noble compositions console themselves with the reflection that the greater distribution they can effect for their appeals to sluggish Christians, the greater good they are doing the cause of religion? This notion, and not a vulgar commercial idea, must certainly have suggested the trade to which we are referring.

STATISTICS of Valentine's Day are coming in. Thus we read that in Birmingham 45,000 of these tender (or spiteful) effusions passed through the post-office; in Leeds 55,000, and in Liverpool 115,000. It is recorded that in the last-named town "an immense number of 'babies' and dolls were sent as valentines. About 300 objectionable articles, such as red herrings, black puddings, and rats were also sent; but these were, by order of the post-office authorities, stopped and destroyed. One gentleman was favoured with a nightcap, which was superscribed, 'To —, a sleepy-headed gentleman,' &c." By "babies," we believe, is meant a little waxen figure of a newborn infant, which it is the good-natured custom of some people to send to those married couples who are without children. It is wonderful what an amount of venomous and stupid bitterness is associated with the kindly but senseless superstition of "Good Bishop Valentine."

UTILITY valentines have passed between young persons this season,—boxes of cigars having been exchanged for boxes of gloves. This unromantic arrangement, if troublesome to the postman, is profitable to the commissionaires, who once a year at least bring tender messages. While on the subject, we may refer to a charming "Valentine," by "W. A.," in the last number of the *Athenæum*. It almost reconciles one to the silly custom that it prompts a genuine poet to write such sweet verses. We used to hear more of "W. A." (presuming that the initials are those of Mr. William Allingham). He is one of the few singers whose voice has attracted a very cultivated audience by its purity and fragrant poetic feeling.

DR. RUSSELL gives a vivid sketch of the Prince of Wales's Cairo experiences. Their Royal Highnesses are, it appears, thoroughly enjoying themselves, so that we may conjecture that Mr. Cook's excursionists have not come up with them yet. The Viceroy is entertaining his guests in better style than we treated that friendly personage, who, when he visited London, ran no slight risk of being left to the tender mercies of that national institution the hotel-keeper. The Viceroy teaches us better manners by placing his visitors in a fitting residence. The show which most pleased the Prince and Princess was that of a procession of pilgrims starting for Mecca, in which the holy saddle of the Prophet's wife was carried. There is now a theatre at Cairo, and a ballet, in which the dancing is done as in England. Her Grace of Gerolstein has not yet, however, been imported, although the fascinating novelty was announced in Egypt.

PEOPLE who regale themselves with sausages may be glad to read that one of two manufacturers of these precious comestibles has been fined, and the other sent to jail, for putting stuff into their machines utterly unfit for human food. It has been often stated that sausages are composed of the flesh of animals that have departed this life without a knock on the head from a butcher, and other interesting details of the commerce disclose facts of an equally unappetizing character. Still the business flourishes. It would be well, in every case of the kind, to commit the manufacturers to prison for second offences. Pickles, which are also popular with the million, need looking after. Bottles of poison, labelled gherkins, are freely sold, and, although the copperas formerly used to give a green hue to decayed cabbage-stalks is now out of fashion, there is a considerable quantity of sulphuric acid dropped upon the vege-



tables to impart that pungent flavour which is supposed to render cold meat palatable. How the poor escape destruction from bad fish is simply wonderful. The low neighbourhoods are thronged with costermonger markets in which sole and whiting are offered for sale in a condition highly conducive to cholera. The inspectors charged with the duty of seeing to these things are entirely too lenient and spasmodic in their exertions.

It is said that a French enthusiast intends to cross the Atlantic in a balloon. Bearing in mind the recent aeronautical exhibition at the Crystal Palace, on which Mr. Coxwell wrote an instructive letter, an act of this kind appears to be suicidal. The steering of a balloon is at present impossible; every means having hitherto failed to place its direction at the disposal of the occupant; and when Mr. Coxwell, experienced as he is, could not devise a method for going where he likes in his cars, M. Chevalier, the proposed voyager from New York, is likely to have a wild time of it tossing in the clouds pending his immersion in the sea. It is reported that M. Chevalier has already so many applicants for a seat in his cradle, or coffin, that, if the undertaking be attempted, he will make a nice thing of the business in the event of his surviving.

AN amusing case was heard before one of the law courts in Ireland this week. A man took a couple of rooms in a house in Capel-street, Dublin, for the purpose of exhibiting a brace of attractive monsters—a fat woman and a tall boy. The proprietor of the house was horrified at discovering, when the objects were lodged on the premises, that the charge to the public for staring at them was only a penny. He had thought the show was to be a shilling one, and his respectability was so shocked at the mean fare assessed upon it that he gave all the trouble he could to the owner of the tall boy and the fat lady. The latter sued him for £100, and the jury found a verdict for a farthing.

OF making many religious sects there is no end. England has produced a good many in her day, and America has been even more fruitful. It seems that in the United States there is a religious body called the "Christos Adelpheos," and that a single member of this body is now in England. He appeared the other day as a witness in the Bristol County Court, and objected to be sworn. The court therefore dispensed with the ceremony. This was sensible, and we are glad to find judges and magistrates every day growing more ready to accept a simple affirmation where witnesses dislike taking an oath. It is both unreasonable and unfair that the Quakers should have an exclusive right to the immunity.

THE man Cooper who committed a double murder at Poplar nearly a fortnight ago is still at large, and the Home Office has, somewhat tardily, offered a reward of £100 for his apprehension. Considering that the fellow is marked by having lost one of his thumbs, it is surprising that he should have escaped so long, and every day adds to his chances.

THE Illinois House of Representatives has been the first assembly of the kind to legislate for fun. A number of comic statutes were passed some time ago, one of which was a Bill for "a complete reversal of the relations of the sexes." It vested "all political, civil, and social power irrevocably in the female portion of the population above the age of sixteen years, conferred upon the same part of the population the exclusive right to escort men, hold property, propose marriage," and "keep late hours." Men were delegated to household and feminine offices, and to the wearing of articles of costume hitherto characteristic of the weaker sex.

CONSOLS for money and the account are now at 92½ to 93. Foreign stocks have suffered a relapse, and business in them has been restricted. Business in the railway market has also been depressed, and prices have generally given way. Bank shares have improved, the reports on the whole having been considered highly satisfactory. The amount of business in financial and miscellaneous shares has not been great, the quotations are without material alteration. The amount of gold in course of transmission from Australia to England is £525,000, in addition to £40,000 from New Zealand. Nearly £150,000 is due. Annexed are the particulars:—*Empress of India*, £20,500; *Norfolk*, £57,500; *Clanronald*, £48,000; *British Statesman*, £62,000; *Britomart*, £10,000; *Thyatira*, £41,000;

*Dover Castle*, £30,000; *Martha Birnie* £41,500; *Ballarat*, £40,000; *Marpesia*, £22,500; *Dudley Castle*, £42,000; *Red Jacket*, £42,000; *Mediator*, £14,000; *Rockliff*, £20,000; *Suffolk*, £81,000; and *Conflict*, £94,000.

THE directors of the North-Eastern Railway Company recommend the payment, on the 3rd of March, of the following dividends on the ordinary stocks:—*Berwick*, 6; *York*, 5½; *Leeds*, 3½; *Carlisle*, 8; *Darlington*, 8½; and *Thirsk and Malton*, 4 per cent. per annum. The receipts for the past half-year amount to £2,049,925. 18s. 6d., and the expenditure to £949,591. 17s. 7d.—leaving a balance to be carried to the revenue account of £1,100,334. 0s. 11d. The report of the Metropolitan and St. John's Wood Railway Company shows that the net balance available for dividend, after deducting the cost of management and the debenture interest due Jan. 15, is £2,634. The directors recommend that a dividend at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum be declared on the preference capital of £183,170, which will require £2,259, leaving a balance of £344 to be carried forward to the next account. The half-yearly meeting of the Waterloo and Whitehall Railway Company is called for the 26th inst.; that of the Danube and Black Sea Railway and Kustendjie Harbour Company (Limited) for the same day; that of the Metropolitan District Railway Company for the 1st of March; and that of the Furness Railway Company for the 26th inst.

A PROSPECTUS has been issued of the North Star Gold Mining Company (Limited), with a capital of £225,000, in shares of £10, to purchase and work certain well-known mines in Nevada country, California, about sixty miles from Sacramento. The consideration to be paid is £200,000, of which £50,000 will be taken in paid-up shares, but previously to this the transfer of the property is to be duly certified, and every facility offered for testing the correctness of the accounts of the mines and their present and past rate of production. A prospectus has been issued of the British Goodenough Horseshoe Company (Limited), with a capital of £60,000, in shares of £10, to purchase and extend the patent horseshoe manufacturing and engineering works of Messrs. Robinson & Cottam, at Battersea. A royalty is to be paid by the company on all horseshoes manufactured. The directors of the Commercial Union Assurance Company have resolved to recommend to the shareholders at the general meeting to be held on the 9th of March a dividend for the past year at the rate of 5 per cent., with a bonus of 2s. 6d. per share, free of income-tax, being at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum. At the meeting of the Charing-cross Hotel Company (Limited), the accounts showed a net profit on the operations of the six months of £9,495, and a balance available for dividend of £12,204, including the surplus of the preceding half-year. A dividend was declared at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum. At the annual meeting of the London and General Building Society, Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., in the chair, the report stated the income for the year to have been £35,282, and that the profit was £3,211, out of which the Board had apportioned 7½ per cent. to all investing shareholders, leaving a surplus to be carried to the reserve or contingent fund.

#### MEMORANDA.

PLAYGOERS in search of a sensation-scene are recommended to try the Holborn Theatre. The genuine "thrill" is supplied by the following means. The villain, a married man, wants to run off with the beautiful maiden of the piece, and has enticed her into giving him an appointment in a mill—the outside of which, with the mill-head and stream, are seen on the stage. Up this stream, being the only method of reaching the mill, swims the hero of the piece, who is in love with the villain's wife. She, in turn, is hastening towards the mill to warn her husband that officers of the law are about to capture him. The hero clings on to the mill-wheel, is lifted up, and thus enters the building. Presently the villain and his victim appear on a projecting bit of the mill, and he swears that, if the people attempt to capture him, he will plunge the maiden into the water. The hero comes out and seizes him, rescuing the maiden; and the villain's wife also appears. The villain, by a single turn of the wrist, opens the sluice-gate—the dammed-up waters overflow—the mill rocks and sways—the mill-wheel sinks—lightning flashes—the heavens and earth seem to reel together—the villain jumps into the rushing and foaming water—his wife falls into her lover's arms—and, as the mill itself tumbles to pieces, the first comedian appears to save all the good people by means of an opportune ladder. What more need we say? Only that "Fettered" gives opportunity for much excellent acting on the part of the principal performers. Mr. J. C. Cooper's villain is



really a masterly piece of acting; and the scene between him and his proposed victim (Miss Fanny Josephs), who plays the part most charmingly which takes place inside the mill is very natural in tone and consequently effective. There is too much conventionalism about the part of Mrs. Fortescue to give Miss Lydia Foote much chance of exhibiting her special ability. Mr. Honey, on the other hand, has a character with some marked and rather novel points about it which he brought out with singular freshness and vigour. Indeed, there is always a fine artistic purpose running through Mr. Honey's drollery, which deserves greater attention than it receives. The scenery is excellent, especially the view of the Thames near Marlow—a perfect picture, without a trace of the offensive realistic accessories which now make up so many stage scenes. The piece was pronounced to be a success on the opening night by a crowded and enthusiastic audience. But, having given a brief outline of the sensation-scene, it is perhaps unnecessary that we should say so.

We hear that a reduction in the price of the *Times* is contemplated by the proprietors.

The alteration in the character of *Once a Week*, which we mentioned in our last issue, will probably come into effect simultaneously with the appearance of Victor Hugo's novel. In the mean time, Mr. Henry Kingsley is writing a short story, entitled "Hetty," "to fill up the 'gap.'"

In the next number of *Tinsley's Magazine* Mrs. Riddell will commence a new story, to be entitled "Austin Friars." From the title we presume that it will further exhibit the singular knowledge of City life and sentiment which proved so attractive to a great many readers in "George Geith."

*Fraser's Magazine* for March will contain a Note on Pauperism by Florence Nightingale.

The empire of the grand pianos is threatened. We learn that Messrs. Cramer & Co. have invented a new style of cottage piano-forte, which, by the application of a new principle of stringing, gives forth much of the sonorosity, and produces those delicate effects of light and shade peculiar to the grand piano. The wires are passed through a stud and strained over a steel bridge; a change of construction, which, together with a different arrangement of the *table d'harmonie*, produces very satisfactory results in the added volume of sound, more perfect vibration, and precision of tone.

Mr. Buchanan will give the second of his readings in Hanover-square Rooms, on the 3rd of March, previous to his accepting engagements in the provinces.

Professor Max Müller has just been elected one of the eight foreign associates of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres.

Criticism certainly does exhibit odd freaks in American newspapers. We gather from a letter which Miss Lydia Thompson has addressed to one of the New York papers, that some ingenious journalist has been preaching a sermon upon false hair, and has quoted Miss Lydia Thompson as his "dreadful example." Whereupon that lady writes as follows:—"Nible's-garden, Feb. 3, 1869. I am really ashamed to trouble you on a subject so very unimportant as the above, but from the lengthy article that appeared in the *Herald* of Sunday last, in which my name is brought very conspicuously forward—excuse me if I am wrong—as a cloak to give some critic a somewhat spiteful opportunity of contrasting real with imaginary 'blondes.' Now, as I some time ago felt compelled to tell the public, through the press, that my hair was not brought to its present hue by any artificial means, but that I was born a blonde and blonde I will 'die,' it seems strange that the writer of the article in question should be ignorant of that fact, as it found publicity in several New York papers; therefore it impugns my veracity, and on that ground alone I beg to trouble you with this letter, which I trust you will kindly publish. I am quite willing to submit my head, with its 'tawny' coloured and offending crop, to be analyzed, if such a process can be effected; and, as your critic facetiously infers that I have little else either inside or outside my head but my hair, I don't imagine that any chemical process can do me much harm. At any rate, as my hair seems to form one of my chief attractions, its colour and legitimacy must be protected by your obedient servant, LYDIA THOMPSON."

We learn from the *North German Correspondent* that it is proposed to open in the course of next summer, in Dresden, a Rietschel Museum, in which models and casts of the works of that immortal master will be exhibited, and the spot where his atelier formerly stood is to be marked by a colossal bust of Rietschel placed on a highly ornamented pedestal. The Government has made the committee a free gift of the site on the Brühl Terrasse, and the requisite funds are to be raised by a national subscription in all parts of Germany.

A remarkable instance of the resemblance of descendants to their remote ancestors was shown in 1866, says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, when the portrait by Mytens of the first Earl of Kinnoul was exhibited at the National Portrait Exhibition at South Kensington. If it had not been for the costume, the picture might have served well for a portrait of Sir John Drummond Hay, her Majesty's Minister at Tangier, or his brother, Colonel Drummond Hay, formerly in the 78th Highlanders; and yet they are great-nephews of the ninth Earl of Kinnoul.

Miss Faithfull, after lecturing in Scotland, addressed, on Monday evening, a large audience at the Hartley Institution, Southampton, after which the President of the Council stated that arrangements had been made for a course of lectures on English History, Physical Geography, and Natural Science. On the following evening, at the request of several influential persons, Miss Faithfull gave a

reading at Woolston, from Mrs. Browning's and Miss Procter's Poems, the Rev. Silvester Davies taking the chair.

The forthcoming report of the Early English Text Society shows the society's affairs to be in a most prosperous state. Above a hundred members have joined during the year; the income from all sources has been over £1,200. In the society's original series the publications for 1868 have been—31. "Myrc's Duties of a Parish Priest," in Verse, ab. 1420 A.D., ed. E. Peacock. 32. "The Babee's Book, *Urbanitatis*, the Bokes of Nurture of Jn. Russell and Hugh Rhodes, the Bokes of Kerunge, Curtasye, etc.," with some like French and Latin Poems, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 33. "The Knight de la Tour Landry (in French, 1372 A.D.), ab. 1440 A.D., a Father's book for his Daughters," ed. T. Wright. 34. "Early English Homilies," bef. 1300 A.D., Part II., ed. R. Morris. 35. Sir D. Lyndesay's Works, Part III., "Hist. and Testament of Squyer Meldrum," ed. F. Hall. In the extra series the publications for 1868 have been—III. "Caxton's Boke of Curtesy" in three Versions, ed. F. J. Furnivall. IV. "Havelok the Dane," ed. W. W. Skeat. V. "Chaucer's Boethius," ed. R. Morris. VI. "Chevelere Assigne," ed. H. H. Gibbs. The original-series texts of 1869 are to be "Merlin," Parts III. and IV.; "Sir D. Lyndesay," Part IV.; "Lauder's Poems," Part II.; "English Gilds," an Anglo-Saxon "Finding of the Cross," "Piers Plowman's Vision," text B. The extra-series texts of 1869 are to be Chaucer's "Bred and Mylk," Barbour's "Brus," Part I.; "A Courtesy-Tract," and either one of the "Condition of Tudor-England Tracts," or Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," or Romances of "Ypotis," "Sowdon of Damas," &c. The report says: "Since the close of our first year, then, and disregarding the extra series, the society has in four years nearly quadrupled its members, its income, and the extent of its publications. Starting from a very low level, the society has steadily fought its way up to the head of its competitors; and to see and keep it there, pushing it always further in advance, should be the pride and aim of all its members. The committee cannot rest content till a thousand members have been enrolled on the society's list." The report reviews all the society's texts for 1868 and 1869, dwells with especial satisfaction on the editions of Chaucer's "Boethius," and "Havelok the Dane," and appeals strongly for further help in the way of subscriptions. It quotes the following testimonial to the society's usefulness from the first Early English scholar of the United States, Professor F. J. Child:—"There is no literary publication association which does its work with so little of unnecessary expenditure, or which gives its subscribers so full a money's worth, as the Early English Text Society; and its unexampled success is simply the measure of its merits." When we find that for one guinea the society gave last year 1,363 pages of good, rare, and curious matter, we cannot deny that part, at least, of the professor's statement is proved.

The next evening meeting of the Royal Geographical Society will be held on Monday, February 22nd, at half-past eight p.m., at the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, Major-General Sir H. C. Rawlinson in the chair. A paper will be read "On Antarctic Discovery and its Connection with the Transit of Venus in 1882," by Staff-Commander J. E. Davis, R.N.

The ordinary meeting of the Victoria Institute was held on Monday evening last, at 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, Rev. W. Mitchell, Vice-President, in the chair. A paper was read "On the Doctrine of Creation, according to Darwin, Agassiz, and Moses," by the Rev. Professor Kirk, of Edinburgh. The next meeting will be held on Monday, March 1st, when a second paper will be read by the Rev. Dr. Irons, entitled "Analysis of Human Responsibility: Historical continuation."

The next evening meeting of the Geological Society will be held on February 24. The following papers will be read:—1. "On the British Postglacial Mammalia," by W. Boyd Dawkins, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S. 2. "On the Origin of the Northampton Sands," by J. W. Judd, Esq., F.G.S. 3. "On the Cretaceous Strata of England, France, and Algeria," by M. H. Coquand. Communicated by J. W. Flowers, Esq., F.G.S.

At the next meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, on Tuesday, February 23rd, at eight p.m., there will be a discussion "On the Lagoons and Marshes of the Mediterranean;" and the following papers will be read:—1. "On Sinking Wells for the Foundation of Piers of the Jumna Bridge, Delhi Railway," by Mr. Imrie Bell, M. Inst. C.E. 2. "Description of Apparatus for Excavating the Interior of, and for Sinking Iron Cylinders," by Mr. John Milroy, Assoc. Inst. C.E.

The next meeting of the Zoological Society will be new at the Society's House, Hanover-square, on Thursday, February 25th, when the following communications will be made:—1. "Notes on Elephants," by Dr. A. Campbell. 2. "Note on the Sublingual Aperture and Sphincter of the Gular Pouch in *Otis tarda*," by Dr. J. Murie. 3. "Remarks upon the Habits of the Hornbills (*Buceros*)," by Mr. A. D. Bartlett.

At the next meeting of the Society of Arts, February 24th, at eight p.m., a paper will be read "On Ventilation," by Dr. Edward Smith.

The *Newspaper Press Directory* informs us that in 1859 there were published in the United Kingdom 966 journals; of these 43 papers were issued daily—viz., 30 in England, 6 in Scotland, and 7 in Ireland; but in 1869 there are now established and circulated 1,372 papers, of which no less than 89 are issued daily. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 655, of which 248 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and other Christian communities.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## EDWARD THE THIRD.\*

IN whatever else the reign of Edward III. may have been deficient, it was certainly neither in the picturesqueness of military activity nor in political progress; and no intelligent narrative of the events of the period could escape being in some respects brilliant and exciting. While, therefore, William Longman is not an historian of the very first order, the two volumes which he has devoted to the life and times of Edward possess nevertheless a large amount of that fascination which is inherent in all good historical writing. He evinces also an admirable impartiality. In these volumes on the reign of Edward III., Mr. Longman has fortunately no one-eyed theory to support; and, consequently, his narrative is fair, judicious, and explicit. Further, he writes for the most part with a lively pen; he takes care to make his chapters short; and each chapter is so packed with matter that only a very dull reader indeed could weary or fall asleep over the book. The value of the volumes is greatly enhanced by several excellent maps and a set of curious and ably-executed illustrations taken from authentic sources—all of which throw upon the rapid stream of the story numerous cross-lights that act the part of pictorial commentary. So much by way of preface.

There are greater reigns in the history of England than that of Edward III., but perhaps none are so full of incident of a splendid and significant kind. Edward, who was the last but one (Richard II.) of the Plantagenet kings, a race that reigned over England for nearly two hundred and fifty years, was born in 1312, ascended the throne in 1327, reigned fifty years, and died in 1377, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. When he began to reign, both his father and mother were living, and he exhibited the rare spectacle of a man of commanding genius springing from "a weak and vicious father and a depraved mother." Had he been a weakling or a fool, the world would hardly have wondered. But he was neither; and he speedily flung aside the evil influences under which his reign began, so that "none, more brilliant in arms, nor more fruitful in social progress, has ever graced the annals of English history." This, with slight abatement is true. In its military aspects, the reign of Edward may be described as one battle fifty years long—often magnificent in its merely spectacular effects, but in its social and moral results, in spite of its chivalric grandeur, irredeemably horrible to the people from whom victory was plucked. In the main, too, the wars were ultimately profitless to the English themselves. Edward's attempts to plant a Baliol upon the Scottish throne, or to conquer the kingdom for himself, only ended in making those Scots who remained true to their country more determined than ever to maintain its independence. The war in Spain, to place a detested and detestable tyrant upon the throne of Castile, was a piece of chivalry wholly wasted. But the war in France, admitting all the glory of it, was all the same a gigantic folly, and, in the end, a gigantic failure. To the English nothing came of it but widows, orphans, and taxes; and to the French only the most indescribable sufferings. At one time Edward, being hard up for money to continue the war, was compelled to pawn his "great crown, his little crown, and the Queen's crown, to the Archbishop of Treves, for the repayment of 61,000 gold florins of Florence money, which he had borrowed of him; and he soon afterwards borrowed 54,000 florins of three citizens of Mechlin." Indeed, how to get money to enable him to make good his claim to the throne of France was the continuous and undying inspiration of Edward's life. Other problems might rise and take their chance of solution—this was one which demanded and received perpetual attention; and as far as the King could continue to have his will, everything else—law, government, or trade—was shaped and carved to fit into his great idea, the subjugation of France. How near the English came to the achievement of this large but infatuated ambition, the conquest of Calais, and the fields of Crécy and Poitiers bear witness—though the glory of these two great battles was in part owing to the stupidity of the French commanders; a fact which does not derogate from the genuine skill of Edward and the Black Prince, or the valour of the English soldiery. The effect of every decisive battle is to dispel some cherished illusion. In the defeat of Crécy, as the chronicler of St. Denis says, the flower of the French nobility was dishonoured or destroyed. But Mr. Longman observes that "it was not merely the nobility of France that was destroyed—Chivalry itself was disgraced; Crécy proved that English villeins—com-

mon men bending their bows, and Welsh and Irish serfs, armed with knives and spears—were more than a match for the proud nobles of France, mounted on war-horses, and clothed in gorgeous armour." In its boldest and most concentrated form, Chivalry is only well-directed courage, and that is the reason why the ragged, half-starved, but ably commanded English foot, beat the beautifully appalled, but poorly commanded, though splendidly mounted, French nobility; and that is also the reason why the French, in their turn, rising from the fearful miseries into which their defeats and social strifes had plunged them, so thoroughly beat the English out of France after Edward and the Black Prince and the chief English leaders were laid on the shelf, by age, disease, or death. The campaign which culminated in Poitiers nearly ruined France; with the King and numbers of the nobility prisoners in England, the life-blood of the people was squeezed out of them in the endeavour to have these great personages ransomed. The goods of the people were seized and themselves put to the torture in order that money might be raised "to buy back," in the biting language of Sismondi, "from the English certain gentlemen who were useless to France." In addition to the blood-suckings of the nobility, companies of disbanded soldiers overran the country, pillaging right and left; till, at last, the peasants, unable longer to bear the terrible lot, rose to take vengeance on their oppressors, their cry being "Death to all gentlemen." Thus rose the *Jacquerie*, who were animated by no high sentiment, but were "inspired solely by a fierce desire of vengeance, by a determination to render outrage for outrage; and they acted in conformity with the dictates of their excited passions." But the insurgents were decisively checked at Meaux, the garrison of which, led by Gaston de Foix, rushed out upon the half-naked multitude and butchered them by thousands. "It needed not the English," says an old French chronicler, "to destroy the country, for, in truth, the English enemies of the kingdom would not have done what the nobles did." Petrarch, who visited France about this time, 1359-60, describes the state of the country as being truly horrible. "I could not believe," he says, "that this was the same kingdom which I had once seen so rich and flourishing. Nothing presented itself to my eyes but a fearful solitude, an extreme poverty, land uncultivated, houses in ruins. Even the neighbourhood of Paris manifested everywhere marks of destruction and conflagration. The streets are deserted, the roads overgrown with weeds—the whole is a vast solitude." But even from this condition of misery the French recovered; order was slowly restored under the shrewd and steady hand of Charles V., and the able leadership of Du Guesclin, a common man, who, by his military genius, rose to be Constable of France; so that, at length, in the decadence of English leadership, the French pushed their enemies out of the country, winning back, for the time, almost every inch of French soil. Proof of how English energy had decayed is evident in the inglorious end of the Duke of Lancaster's invasion of France in 1373. After marching up and down the country challenging the French to come and fight them—the French, imitating the Scots, refusing to do so, but harassing their enemy on every possible occasion—the English retreated in a starving condition towards Bordeaux. "Their horses died in vast numbers; more than 30,000 are said to have marched from Calais, but it was a mere fraction that reached the journey's end alive; the army was utterly starving, and, as Walsingham says, it was a miserable sight to see 'famous and noble soldiers, once delicate and rich in England, without their men or their horses, begging their bread from door to door, not was there one who would give it them! At last, after a march of 600 miles through France, they reached Bordeaux, a horde of miserable fugitives, instead of the proud and splendid army which had first landed.'"

The real significance of Edward's reign lay not so much in the English conquests in France, as in the internal progress of England itself. Everything moved onward at a perceptible though much hampered pace. Going over the events of the period is like walking in the dawn of a glorious day. There is much dimness, but it seems to be melting before imminent floods of light. Trade and commerce are lifting their busy heads, and their importance is clearly recognised in the fact that the King summoned a commercial parliament to discuss questions of trade. There is a good deal of legislation on the subject, much of which, of course, is worthless, and much of it distinctly hurtful, Edward's object in many of the laws being the increase of his own revenues rather than the increase of the comfort of his people and the wealth of the country. Thus, partly by the aid and partly in spite of legislation, commerce made progress, and became more and more fully recognised as of the first national importance. "Merchants became so rich

\* The History of the Life and Times of Edward the Third. By William Longman. Two vols. London: Longmans.



and were held in such high esteem that, in the year 1363, one Picard, Mayor of London, entertained Edward III., the Black Prince, and the Kings of France, Scotland, and Cyprus, with many of the nobility, in London, at his house in the Vintry, where the foreign wine-merchants carried on their business. On the departure of his illustrious guests he presented them with handsome gifts." It was in this reign too that the English language received its first legal recognition, and was ordered to be used in pleadings in the courts of justice. Nor would it be wrong to say that this splendid reign, containing as it does such remarkable figures as Chaucer, Wyclif, Wykeham, and Mandeville, gave birth to English literature. Perhaps, also, such a fact necessarily involved the Reformation; but unquestionably it was in Edward's time that the specific signs of that great movement began to arrest the attention of thinking men. A powerful manifestation of feeling in opposition to the encroachments of the Pope was everywhere visible at this time, Wyclif, who may be said to have concentrated that feeling in himself was the first to give it an emphatic utterance. He has been styled "the father of English prose," and the Rev. W. W. Shirley has remarked of him that "it is not by his translation of the Bible, remarkable as that work is, that Wyclif can be judged as a writer. It is in his original tracts that the exquisite pathos, the keen delicate irony, the manly passion of his short nervous sentences, fairly overmasters the weakness of the unformed language, and gives us English which cannot be read without a feeling of its beauty to this hour." Wyclif began to attack the abuses of Christianity in 1372, declaring in his lectures that "the true spirit of Christianity seemed to be wholly lost, and had degenerated into shows and ceremonies," and that "the greater and more necessary articles of faith, and all genuine and rational knowledge of religion had generally given place to fabulous legends. . . . which in this respect only differed from those of the ancient heathen poets, in that they were more incredible and less elegant." Some years further on in his life, after an absence on the Continent, Wyclif came back to England with a keen sense of the ambition, covetousness, and faithlessness of the Pope, whom he attacked in his public lectures, calling him "Antichrist, the proud worldly priest of Rome, and the most cursed of clippers and purse-kervers." These and other equally outspoken opinions led to the prosecution of Wyclif, who was befriended, however, throughout by the Duke of Lancaster. Among other incidents of the reign of Edward III. may be noted the occurrence of the plague, called the Black Death, the dreadful fatality of which caused a general scarcity of labour. That in its turn produced frequent collisions between employers and employed, and in consequence many vain attempts were made by the Legislature to regulate the scale of wages, the object being, of course, to prevent workmen from selling their labour to the highest bidder, and thus to compel them to work for lower wages than were actually within their reach. But undoubtedly the most prominent feature of the reign of Edward III. was the growth of Parliamentary power, and therefore of civil liberty. Even in those days, the Commons held the national purse, and the King's necessities produced reforms. Practically, the King said to the Commons, "I want money;" to which the Commons replied, "We want reforms;" a bargain was then frequently struck, and in the end the country was the gainer, although the King was not above trying his hand at double-dealing—getting the money, and not keeping to his word. Mr. Longman gives an excellent account of what was called the "Good Parliament, 1376," which, besides reforming many rampant abuses, procured the impeachment, condemnation, and even the punishment of the Ministers. The grand fact of the position was, however, that the Commons had discovered their power; and although not invariably able, were nevertheless always willing to use it for the substantial benefit of the nation. From that small seed of popular representation, through hundreds of years of trial and blood-red tempest, has grown our present House of Commons.

We can conscientiously commend Mr. Longman's work as a graphic and faithful account of a reign crammed full of magnificent events, which, in all save the memory of them, have dwindled into dust and ashes; and of insignificant incidents and causes which, in spite of centuries of difficulty and opposition, have continually grown and borne the fruit of endless good and greatness to England. We shall conclude with three sentences from Mr. Longman's estimate of the King's character:—"Manly courage and personal energy are the chief noble qualities that can be assigned to him. He had, besides, the questionable virtue of indomitable will. The commercial prosperity of the nation during his reign was great, and he deserves credit for laying the foundations of England's manu-

facturing industry by his encouragement of Flemish weavers; but the progress made must be attributed to causes arising, unintentionally on his part, from the advantages of increased foreign intercourse, and for the concessions which he was compelled to make to his subjects, in order to obtain the means of gratifying his warlike passions and his love for inordinate splendour, rather than to a wise foresight directing the policy of his reign."

#### A NEW POET.\*

AMONG the many features of the revolving years that pass before us, we hope never again to miss the appearance of Mr. West. Having once seen him, and heard him deliver his simple and touching utterances upon current events, his absence would cause too terrible a blank. Indeed, we feel that the coming years would be a series of dull failures without their West. Poetesses occasionally sadden us with a description of the sorrow of a girl who looks forward to a long life to be spent not in the society of the young and perhaps rather nebulous-brained gentleman who has hitherto been her companion. Life without her lover appears to her to be the most wretched of blunders, until she discovers that nature, in its abhorrence of a vacuum, is pretty sure to supply a substitute. But she has not reached the depths of despair. She has not known West, and is therefore incapable of conceiving what the sudden withdrawal of West would be. Frankly, the thought is too painful; and we trust that Mr. West may live for ever, to reap the respect and wonder of successive generations.

Of course Mr. West, in assuming his post as chronicler of the year, gives the first place in his list to the Throne. He remarks that it, the Throne,

"Hath been too dimly shown  
Midst sorrow's cloud of tears;"

but is pleased to observe that

"The light again appears  
Clearly the throne to show:  
Be dried, O faithful tears!  
Disperse, dark clouds of woe!"

We much regret to perceive that Mr. West is not always so loyal. He deprecates the shooting of princes merely on the ground that it is of no use. Kill one, and another comes on. Indeed, he cruelly likens princes to so many animalcules:—

"Think not the princely race to end,  
By any bullets man can send;  
Prince 'Jack' hath his 'eleven brothers,'  
And cousins, too, and many others.  
As well may men expect their strife  
Successful against Zoophyte-life;  
Their *forte* seems not at all to die,  
But, very much, to multiply!"

Slaughter, *per se*, does not much move Mr. West's indignation. On the contrary, he becomes pathetic over Theodore of Abyssinia, whose little amusements in the way of relieving his subjects of the tedium of life, he gracefully ignores. Here is the last verse of the poem, which need not remind any one of Mrs. Browning's eulogy of another potentate:—

"He was no savage fierce and wild,  
Last of a race of kings;  
But Nature's untaught, simple child,  
Performing noble things—  
For which, O Theodore,  
I honour thee the more."

"Nature's untaught, simple child" is a beautiful phrase, worthy of Tom Moore. Returning, however, from foreign topics to matters of more immediate interest, we find the laureate of the year explaining the cause of the Abergele accident in lines of charming simplicity.

"A little want of proper care,  
A little lack of thought,  
And grief that is too great to bear  
To human hearts is brought;  
And much that was both good and fair  
Is as a thing of nought."

Occasionally our poet moves to a lighter tune; and on the subject of velocipedes he is even gay and genial.

"Follies, follies, here they come:  
Lanterns hung upon the thumb!  
'Can-can' dances which reveal  
Something of the 'Bal Mobile!'"

\* Records of 1869. By Edward West, Author of "Records of 1861," and of each succeeding year, &c. &c. London: Edward West.



Mighty crop from petty seed!  
Who's for the velocipede?"

"Something of the Bal Mobile!" is a delicious line—a little inaccurate in spelling, it is true, but full of a fine buoyant irony. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. West is so far carried away by his subject as to become quite ecstatic—not to say incoherent. For example, he was so much struck by reading the incident of the Princess Royal telling Mr. Bright that she had read all his speeches, that our poet sat down and poured out his soul in quite uncommonly remarkable verses. We do not know that we wholly catch the meaning of these stanzas; but the fine intent of a poet's soul is not to be grasped at once by the casual reader. The verses must speak for themselves:—

"I always liked to read the cases  
Of persons with queer sorts of faces;  
The 'Bear Lady' I well could bear;  
The skinny man, and woman stouter,  
The Fire-eater, Water-spouter,  
Seemed, like their food, 'uncommon fair.'

There was a very ample range  
For me—who liked such reading strange;  
Who loved my 'Parr,' like any child;  
Who thought Matt. Hopkins quite a 'duck,'  
Like his old women—worse their luck!  
And with the thief-taker was 'Wild.'

But such eccentric sort of creatures,  
Odd by their doings or their features,  
Are not in oddness half so odd  
As she who left a Court's delight,  
Through the long speeches of John Bright,  
In weary loneliness, to plod!"

We have given these selections from Mr. West's poems for several reasons. Firstly, Mr. Longfellow has given special permission to Mr. West to dedicate the "Records" to him. Secondly, the "Records" have become an institution. They have existed for eight years; and we hope they may flourish for other eight, or eighty. Then, besides the authority under which they are ushered into notice, and the venerable age—as a literary production—which they have obtained, they are intrinsically most valuable. As we have already pointed out, we could not now afford to part with our annual West. Old Moore, Zadkiel, and the rest, we might dispense with, but with West—never. There is a charm about his writing which is quite peculiar—it is the naïve garrulousness of "Nature's untaught, simple child." Is there not a perfectly lovable simplicity about the following quaint announcement, which follows the poems? "The Author of this little volume has consented to receive Advertisements on whatsoever subject they may be, provided they be of an unobjectionable character. As this book passes into the hands of a wealthy and influential class, it offers a valuable medium for ALL desirous of publicity." We are glad to perceive that to this touching appeal several persons have responded, and that the value of Mr. West's poems is enhanced by information about the curing of corns and the production of whiskers. Poetry is very good, but some people are more concerned about how to make grey hair assume its natural colour "in a few days" than in the most melodious of verse. All the same, Mr. West's poetry is not to be despised. It is quite *sui generis*; it deals with interesting subjects, and it reveals a most fascinating and child-like innocence on the part of the author.

#### MOLECULAR AND MICROSCOPIC SCIENCE.\*

THE truth of the maxim, *Deus magnus in magnis, maximus in minimis*, is much more apparent now than when it was promulgated by St. Augustine; for, although the atomic and molecular theory of the constitution of matter is as yet hypothetical, nothing in the whole range of scientific research has yielded more important and marvellous results than those modern investigations into the subtle and imponderable manifestations of creative power. Chemistry, if it has not determined the exact state and nature of ultimate particles, has at least explained their relative properties to one another with sufficient clearness to enable us to assume the rest with a confidence little short of certainty. The speculations of Dalton in this direction have proved rather more than hypotheses; for every new discovery supplies fresh evidence of the harmony and truthfulness of the atomic theory with which his name will always be associated. The investigations of Faraday and Tyndall may be in this respect regarded as conclusive. The microscope, too,

has revealed a world of animal and vegetable life so extensive in its variety and distribution that the *maximus in minimis* argument obtains new power and significance.

Light would have been thrown on the question raised by some ancient philosophers as to whether or not two angels might at the same time rest on the point of a needle, had it been shown to them that hundreds of living creatures could find on such a platform a local habitation and a name. From what is known of the atomies of organic and inorganic nature, individually and collectively, Mrs. Somerville has produced these two volumes, containing about eight hundred pages of closely-printed matter. Under the title of Molecular and Microscopic Science, a reader would naturally expect to find a comprehensive account of the nature of atoms and molecules; and also to learn something of the microscope, and of the mode of its use, as well as of its wonderful revelations. But that is scarcely the character of this work. It deals rather superficially with the atomic theory; and it contains much that is neither molecular nor microscopic. For example, one would scarcely expect to find an account of coal-tar colours, or of the manufacture of oxalic acid, under the head of Molecular Science; and one would be still less likely to seek in a chapter devoted to microscopic plants a description of the Arborescent Lessonia, which, with stems a foot thick and eight or ten feet high, cover the rocky coasts of the Falkland Islands with vast submarine forests.

In general terms the work consists of three parts:—First, some account of the constitution and properties of matter, including a *résumé* of recent discoveries in science; second and third deal with the lower vegetable and animal life, or, as the authoress quaintly explains, present "a sketch of some of the most prominent discoveries in the life and structure of the lower vegetable and marine animals, in addition to a few of those regarding inert matter" (the italics are ours).

Every purpose of such a work as this would have been better attained, and much confusion would have been avoided, had the sections treating of experimental science and those on natural history formed separate books. The subjects are so distinct that readers interested in the one will be apt to regard the introduction of the other as an intrusion. The combination of the two here is almost as much out of taste as it would be to issue Mill's "Logic" and Tennyson's Poems under one cover. The result of the junction in the present case is most unsatisfactory.

Part first is sketchy. Within a space not much more than sufficient to admit of a clear exposition of any one of the abstruse subjects taken in hand, the author has attempted to discuss a number of the most intricate problems in chemistry, electricity, physics, arts, and manufactures. The principle of condensation can be carried too far. A book of wise saws adds comparatively little to a reader's wisdom. Any one who has read Mrs. Somerville's former works must recognise the vast information she possesses, and accord to her an extensive acquaintance with the writings of scientific men, as well as a mind peculiarly gifted with the power of imparting intelligence to others. But these pages indicate in many ways that the display of a great depth of knowledge may astound without edifying, just as a wizard's trick effects much wonder and little instruction. Most people require their information, like their food, properly diluted; consequently there is often much more to be gained by simplifying science than by crowding facts and marvels together. Part first suffers from a plethora of fact and experiment—a fault which could have been easily overcome by a judicious depletion, or the addition of plain English, to render the harmony of the disjointed parts complete and intelligible. In its present form the section is neither sufficiently complete to be of authority amongst the learned, nor sufficiently rudimentary to be attractive to the non-scientific reader. To illustrate these defects: in the preface, already quoted, a reference is made to vegetable and marine animals; probably this confusion is due to a typographical error. Again: "It is vain to hope for a knowledge of the *absolute* (the italics are the author's) weight of the ultimate atoms of matter, and nothing seems to be more beyond the power of man than to determine even their relative weights; yet the definite proportions in which they combine *have enabled him to do so*" (the italics are ours). In treating further of the laws of chemical combination, and after assuming water to be composed of the union of eight parts of oxygen and one of hydrogen, the argument is thus continued:—"Again, carbonic acid gas contains six parts by weight of carbon and eight parts by weight of oxygen, and as an atom of oxygen is eight times heavier than an atom of hydrogen, therefore an atom of carbon is six times heavier than an atom of hydrogen." This is not a necessary conclusion to the argument here stated, and thus the

\* On Molecular and Microscopic Science. By Mary Somerville, Author of "The Mechanism of the Heavens," &c. Two vols. London: John Murray.



explanation of the law of combining proportion is unintelligible to all save those who already understand it.

Mrs. Somerville refers to the change in the views of modern chemists with regard to the atomicities of certain substances; and it must have been by confounding the distinctions of these views that she describes carbonic acid gas, at p. 99, vol. i., as expressed by the symbols CO, and at p. 418, vol. i., as CO<sub>2</sub>; the vapour of water, at p. 2, vol. i., as H<sub>2</sub>O; and water, at p. 93, as HO. Objection might also be made to the theory of decomposition as given at p. 96. Two substances may unite and form a third differing from both, as oxygen and hydrogen do from water, which is produced by the union of these two gases; but it is here further stated that "if a new substance be added which has a greater attraction for one of the substances than for the other, it will dissolve their union." That, however, will not be the case unless the new substance added have an affinity for one of the two stronger than that which binds them together in their present state. Mrs. Somerville illustrates her theory by reference to the common experiment of decomposing water by means of potassium. This decomposition, however, is not due to the stronger affinity which this metal has for oxygen than for hydrogen, but to its affinity for oxygen being stronger than that which exists between oxygen and hydrogen.

At p. 13, vol. i., we are struck by another somewhat confused passage:—"He (Schönbein) considers the formation of nitrates out of water as highly important for vegetation, because each plant becomes a generator of a portion at least of its azotized food, while the rain furnishes the ground on which it stands with a supply of the same." How nitrates are formed out of water it is difficult to comprehend; and the context supplies no clue whatever as to what portions of its azotized food a plant generates. Sometimes we have on one page diametrically opposite views enounced. At p. 9, vol. ii., "the reflex system of nerves" is first spoken of as ruling the functions of respiration, circulation, and digestion. A few lines farther on we read that it (the involuntary reflex system) "forms a continually decreasing portion of the whole nervous system in proportion as the animal rises in the scale of life, till in man its very existence has been overlooked." The reason given by the author for the three most important functions referred to above being beyond the control of the will—which can scarcely be said of respiration—is that the nerves of these organs do not reach the brain. But physiologists tell us of a cranial nerve which sends branches to heart, lungs, and stomach. We do not like to attribute these slips to carelessness; we are rather disposed to charge a too eager desire for concentration with the obscurity of meaning which mars the value of this work. There is so much to admire in the book that our objections are made regretfully, but necessarily, as will be found by reference alone to the last paragraph of the first part, where, amongst other bewildering things, we are told that the sun, under certain relations to Venus, "breaks out into spots," and we are left to guess whether that is owing to a volcanic or a skin eruption. To those who enjoy concentrated intellectual food, and who can see through things neither simple of themselves nor always made plain by their exponent, here is a rich treat. Certainly no one could read this division of the work, and patiently try to get at the meaning of what is written, without becoming wiser in regard to many of the fundamental principles and most important discoveries in modern science, and more enlightened as to the natural phenomena constantly in process. The works of Schönbein, Tyndall, Herschel, Joule, and indeed of nearly all our leading philosophers, have been freely ransacked and laid under tribute. But the digest might have been presented in much sharper lines and with much clearer expression.

Perspicuity and accuracy are the prime requirements of scientific teaching, and any work which does not possess these qualities loses so much of its claim to authority. Had Mrs. Somerville been at hand to overlook her book as it passed through the press, the errors referred to might have been corrected; but no books of reference from which her residence abroad debars her, as she explains in the preface, could have rectified the fault of crowded and unconnected sentences. Still, this section has many redeeming features. The chapters on force and electricity are admirably written; and their laws and co-relations are explained with all the attractiveness of which these interesting and practically important studies admit. Not less excellent are the pages devoted to spectral science. Nothing can exceed in beauty the different spectral phenomena or surpass in wonder the discoveries which spectrum analysis has elicited. The science of light and colour has been by its means advanced to a perfection of which Newton had little conception. It has added four new metals to the list of

elementary substances; it has given astronomical observations new impetus; and it has explained appearances of the heavens which Tycho Brahe and still later astronomers had to look upon with helpless astonishment. It plays an important part also in the arts; and of this no better illustration could be given than that of its use in the manufacture of steel, whereby the smelting process in the production of the metal is regulated with infallible accuracy. A diagram of the solar spectrum, with Fraunhofer's lines, would have been of great advantage to the reader. Had one or two such topics been taken up in principle and detail, to the exclusion of much that is here fragmentary, the value and interest of the work would have been materially enhanced.

Passing to the second and third parts of the book, the manner in which the natural history of microscopic plants and animals is treated contrasts most favourably with the part just discussed. There is a freedom and felicity of expression which indicate that the author is more at ease by the shore and in the fields than amongst the apparatus of the chemist and natural philosopher. It is more pleasant to follow her through the various phases of animal and vegetable life than over the intricacies of experimental science. A short account of the intimate structure and primary growth of vegetation precedes a description of the lower classes of plants; of which the more notable are the algæ, the fungi, mosses, and ferns. A similar arrangement is carried out with regard to the more important classes of the lower forms of animals—chiefly of marine origin. Their structure, mode of development, varieties, habits of living, distribution over the globe, and the part they play in the economy of nature, are all faithfully described. Coral-reefs are not by any means modern discoveries, but what Mrs. Somerville has to say about them will give some idea of the general tone of this portion of the work.

"An atoll is a ring or chaplet of coral, inclosing a lagoon or portion of the ocean in its centre. The average breadth of that part of the ring which rises above the surface of the sea is about a quarter of a mile, often less, and it is seldom more than from six to ten or twelve feet above the waves: hence the lagoon islands are not visible even at a very small distance, unless when they are covered by the coconut palm or the pandanus, which is frequently the case. On the outside, the ring or circle shelves down for a distance of one or two hundred yards from its edge, so that the sea gradually deepens to about twenty-five fathoms, beyond which the sides of the ring plunge at once into the unfathomable depths of the ocean. . . . On the inside, these coral rings shelf down into the clear calm water of the lagoon by a succession of ledges of living corals, but of much more varied and delicate kinds than those on the exterior wall and foundation of the atoll. . . . The lagoon in the centre of these islands is supplied with water from the exterior by openings in the lee-side of the ring; but as the water has been deprived of the greater part of its nutritious particles and inorganic matter by the corals on the outside, the hardier kinds are no longer produced, and species of more delicate forms take their place. The depths of the lagoon varies in different atolls from fifty to twenty fathoms, or less, the bottom being partly detritus, partly live coral. In these calm and limpid waters the corals are of the most varied and delicate structure, of the most charming and dazzling hues. When the shades of night come on, the lagoon shines like the milky way with myriads of brilliant sparks. The microscopic medusæ and crustaceans, invisible by day, form the beauty of the night; and the sea-feather, vermilion in daylight, now waves with green phosphorescent light. This gorgeous character of the sea-bed is not peculiar to the lagoons of the atolls; it prevails in shallow water throughout the whole coral-bearing regions of the Pacific and Indian Oceans."

Considerable attention is given to the Foraminifera—a class of microscopic animals of the shell kind—which no doubt they deserve, considering their beauty, variety of form, and importance in the geological world. For ages these tiny creatures have been and are still at work, building strata upon strata; even now we find them in the deep-sea ooze unchanged in character, the same as when the sun shone on an almost uninhabited globe. The paragraph with which the work closes is too comprehensive and too much to the point to be omitted:—

"The molecular structure of vegetables and animals has been investigated by men of science in their minutest details; the fragment of a tooth, bone, or shell, recent or fossil, is sufficient to determine the nature of the animal to which it belonged; and if fossil, to assign the geological period at which it had lived, whether on the earth, in the waters, or the air. By the microscopic examination of a minute Foraminifer or shell-like organism, it has been proved beyond a doubt that the Eozoön, an animal which existed at a geological period whose remoteness in time carries us far beyond the reach of imagination, only differs in size from a kind living in the present seas. Simplicity of structure has preserved the race through all the geological changes which during millions of centuries have swept from existence myriads of more highly organized beings. The Eozoön is the most ancient form of life known, and was probably an inhabitant of the primeval ocean. Patches of carbonaceous matter imbedded in the same strata show that vegetation had already begun, so at that most remote period of the earth's existence the vivifying influence of the sun, the constitution and motions of the atmosphere and ocean, and the



vicissitudes of day and night, of life and death, were the same as at the present time."

These latter portions are executed in a manner worthy of the author and the subject. The whole work is fully and beautifully illustrated; and if we separate the portion on experimental science, Mrs. Somerville's present book is one eminently worthy of the attention of all who are interested in natural history.

#### "MEA CULPA."

THERE are three kinds of stories—those that represent the world as it has been; those that represent it as it is; and those that represent it as, perhaps, it ought to be. If we call these the historical, the realistic, and the ideal, we neither mean nor expect the definitions to be accepted as philosophically correct, knowing very well that they are continually running into each other. But they will serve our temporary purpose well enough, which is to show that Miss Ferrier's "*Mea Culpa*" is a story neither of the past nor of the future, but of the present; it is, therefore, realistic, and represents in a clever though imperfect way, a piece of the world as it is. But only a piece—only a very small segment of a very large circle; just a very little bit of one of the leaves of an exceedingly large volume; a single episode in the great epic of life. It is all about love, too—the love of a young man for a young maiden; a man who dwells in Temple-chambers studying for the Bar, and of course writing for the magazines, having already written some books of travels; a man who has for uncle a gouty member of Parliament whom he expects to succeed in his seat—the succession, however, depending on whether the young fellow will marry his cousin, the M.P.'s daughter, which the young fellow has no thought of doing, and which the lady cousin rather hopes he won't, notwithstanding the further fact that the refusal of either to marry the other involves the forfeiture of £2,000 a year. But as they have as little desire to lose the money as to marry each other, no proposal, and therefore no refusal, has yet taken place. Both hold back; though it is but fair to say that the young man, having some money of his own, with plenty of ability and courage besides, cares less for his uncle's wealth than for his seat in Parliament, which, however, he cannot leap into until his relative's gout decides in his favour. Now, the name of this precious young genius is Louis Armour, and about this time, while attending a private dancing-party, he falls in with Margaret Hatton, the heroine, who is an orphan, with only one relative in the world, a married sister in Australia. As to position, Margaret is independent in a small way, thanks to her dead parents, but she is simply a lodger in London. At the dance, Louis Armour, seeing this young lady neglected, as he thinks, and rather liking her appearance, gets introduced to her, and finds that she is quite different from all the rest of the stereotyped female world. She is not a woman of the world at all—far less a fast girl; but rather possessing a quiet, studious heart and brain, with ideas, much given to drawing, reading, and even writing, though with never a thought of publishing—Louis Armour manages that afterwards. What could be the consequence of an interview between two such people? Only one thing, of course. The young man falls in love with the young lady, who afterwards falls in love with him; and then follow some months of delicious cooing and wooing. But love is so far philosophical that it looks and works for results, and expects to find them. Louis Armour is in a fix. He wishes tremendously to marry Margaret Hatton, and she, after the due amount of kissing and courting, is willing enough to marry him. This young lover, is, however, ambitious, and wants to get into Parliament, for which end he has studied, and struggled, and written, and published a great deal, and very intensely too. But his marriage with Margaret would, as he thinks, be the destruction of his pet worldly prospects. It would be a very practical refusal to marry his cousin, and that would involve the loss, not only of £2,000 a year, but of the chance of entering Parliament easily as his uncle's successor in the representation of Blankshire. He wishes, therefore, to temporize. While loving and desiring to marry Margaret Hatton, he induces that young lady to wait, his deliberate purpose being to cheat the old man into the belief that he is still true to his plans, which he is not, and does not intend to be. Young Armour's plan is to get Colonel Armour's seat in Parliament, and then refuse to fulfil the conditions of the honour. It is not to be thought for a moment, however, that Margaret approves of such a piece of duplicity; but she is powerless

against the imperious character of her lover, who, we may mention, is one of those fearful people who never give up a purpose when once it has got fixed in their mind. So the lovers wait. But when a time at length comes—a Ministerial crisis—which ought to secure the retirement of Colonel Armour from active duties, and the old man, being somewhat better in health, proposes to stand again for his county, Louis Armour, the law student, the literary man, the lover, bursts out like a volcano into the most terrific tempest of passion, and acts the part of a sheer madman, if he is not one, which is a doubtful point. Fortunately this vile exhibition of human frailty is a private one, known only to Miss Ferrier, the lover himself, and certain abused pieces of furniture. Louis Armour is therefore again in a fix. What will he do with it? Only one course occurs to him, which we can only accept as the proper measure of the degeneracy of his character. He adheres, of course, to his determination to get into Parliament; but since his uncle has not yet resolved to retire in his favour, he deems it prudent to wait until the gout compels the Colonel to beat a retreat. At the same time, as he cannot dam up his love any longer, he plans within his own imperious mind a little game, of which he is almost ashamed, but which he thinks will do very well, if his sweetheart agrees to it, of which he has no final doubt, knowing his own extraordinary powers of persuasion. This precious scheme is simple. They are only to get married, keep the fact secret, go abroad where nobody will know them, and wait till either his cousin marries and forfeits the £2,000 a year, or till the Colonel opens the Parliamentary door for Louis, the gallant young lover and husband! He actually dares to lay the scheme before the all-confiding Margaret, and exhausts his stores of rhetoric and logic in commending it to her understanding and heart. Margaret, of course, declines—more, however, in sorrow than in anger; shocked to think that the man whom she so deeply loves should sink so low as to propose such a disreputable method of getting out of the difficulty. Failing in the legitimate instruments of eloquence, Louis utterly breaks down—not into tears, however, but into vast brutalities of anger, giving utterance to words that slay in the utterance. Surely such a quarrel must be mortal. At all events, the two lovers separate, terribly cut up—the one, that such a thing should be proposed by the god of her idolatry; and the other, that it should be rejected by her whom he worshipped, he of all men being the proposer. Louis rushes off to India, where he has a sunstroke, and is nearly killed by fever, during which he raves about Margaret. At the expiration of about a year he returns to England in time to hear that his old sweetheart is about to be married; which is true; for in the mean time, Margaret having suffered terrible agonies of heart and brain, has experienced much kindness and sympathy from George Lennox, a gentleman living near Windsor, young, though a widower, and whose wife she has at length consented to become, never thinking that she and Louis Armour would meet again in this world. But they do meet, and it is in a railway carriage going down to Windsor; the mad, sunstricken, fever-smitten man having followed Margaret for the deliberate purpose of preventing her from becoming the wife of another man by putting a bullet through her head. He tries it too, but fails, though Margaret's neck is sadly lacerated. The scene in the railway carriage is a beautiful bit of sensationalism. Just fancy. The rushing train; Margaret reading and dreaming in the one corner, Louis cowering like a toad in the other, watching impatiently the disappearance of the other passengers at successive stations; field clear at last; the gaunt tragic man rises from his seat, pistol in hand, and murmuring the word "*Margaret*," the lady looks up, recognises who it is, and rushes towards him gasping out "*Louis*," all her old affection breaking up from the hidden wells of her heart; there, however, flashes the pistol, which she grasps, when the struggle ensues; down they go in a heap, and crack goes the weapon without doing injury; but as there is another barrel, so there is another struggle, and this time the bullet gashes the delicate soft neck of one of the sweetest creatures in all the world. Then, of course, when the murder-dealing man sees what he has done, he suddenly comes to his senses, and therefore attempts to kill himself. But there is neither weapon nor opportunity, and so he does the next best thing, he falls upon his knees, and repents in hurricanes of sighs and tears, and other signs of inexpressible anguish. Margaret does not die; and the upshot of all this shooting is, that although Louis Armour is tried for attempted murder, he is found not guilty, of course through the instrumentality of the woman whom he sincerely tried to kill, who swears that it was in trying to prevent Louis from shooting himself, that she got wounded. As it wonderful that less than three weeks after the trial Louis Armour



and Margaret Hatton are made man and wife, and that George Lennox, who was within an ace of marrying the lady himself, is one of the wedding-guests? The course of true love seldom runs smooth; but we have seldom read of a stormier courtship than the one which Miss Ferrier has so strongly unfolded, and of which we have been only able to afford the most inadequate glimpse.

#### DISINFECTANTS AND DISINFECTION.\*

THERE are well-known anomalies in the power, as it exists in different people, of discerning colour. Some take green for red, others blue for brown, and so on. This kind of defect in seeing-power is, indeed, much more common than is generally supposed. There are also wide diversities in the appreciative power of different palates, apart, as it appears, from use and culture. The same thing applies to the human nose. In the first place, there is a vast difference in the natural power of perceiving smells of every kind, quite aside from the question of discrimination. One person will be nauseated or very much pleased by an odour which a dozen other persons present will not perceive at all. This is partly organic and, perhaps, partly mechanical. Great differences may be observed in people's nostrils. Some are wide, and but slightly protected by internal fringe; and this is largely the case with the intellectual classes, the open, or cogitative nostril, as it is termed, being the accepted physiognomical sign of thoughtfulness and force of brain. The large majority of noses are comparatively close in the nostrils. Dr. Angus Smith mentions some curious facts in this connection. It is well known that certain Orientals find pleasure in smells to which we of the West should unhesitatingly assign the very ugliest name by which we can distinguish an ill odour; but there are Europeans who are just as puzzling in their preferences. Some Germans are at ease in a domestic atmosphere from which an educated Englishman will recoil. But in England there are curious instances of indifference to bad odours. Dr. Angus Smith refers to a hospital nurse, who preferred the smell of certain cutaneous eruptions to that of an ordinary chemical disinfectant. This is more curious still:—

"In working on disinfection, I used blood almost entirely, but the smell was often so bad that I was driven back, and had it not been for an assistant who did not in the least feel annoyed, I certainly should never have been able to give the experiments published on putrefaction."

But beyond the question of the agreeableness or disagreeableness of certain odours lies the far more important one of their relation to health, considered as signs of decomposition. Dr. Angus Smith is less concerned with bad odours, however, the disagreeableness and the indications of which he takes for granted, than with the remedy, and his book will, no doubt, be found very useful. In spite, however, of the fact that he is very specific in giving results, and careful in comparing them, this book is not one for use by people who cannot afford to give a certain amount of study to the subject. To the ordinary reader, for ordinary purposes, it scarcely conveys any guidance beyond what he will have picked up already from other quarters, if he has a sensitive nose. Most of us have heard of Condy and Sir William Burnett. We all know the use of chloride of lime, and that if a sudden need arises, and neither Condy's fluid nor chloride of lime is at hand (though something of the kind ought always to be kept in a house), coffee, or onions—only that this remedy may be worse than the disease—are powerful disinfectants, or, at all events, deodorizers. We saw somewhere, recently, high claims made for the common onion as a disinfectant, but on what appeared to be slight grounds. As a deodorizer it has certainly the merit of strength.

Dr. Angus Smith offers, by the way, a curious criticism of Shakespeare. Having referred to the manner in which garbage was allowed to lie about upon the earthen floors in old times, he proceeds thus:—

"The earth of the floor was overloaded with putrid matter, and much of it came into the air of the room, but the formation of nitre or saltpetre began, and oxygen accumulated rapidly, and rendered even these houses habitable in a way. The Government soon found out this growth of saltpetre, and sent 'petremen' to obtain it by force. They entered houses without pity, and seemed to increase the discomfort of a household to the utmost, that they might be bribed to leave. It is not for this volume to describe the tyranny of these wretches, but their doings illustrate, much more even than the more distant miseries of war did, Shakespeare's words, 'villainous saltpetre.' 'The harmless earth,' out of which it was dug, may mean rather the earth in the house of a harmless family, where perhaps

some tender life was lying in danger, whilst these men insisted on removing the bed, and rendering the whole apartment wretched."

We cannot honestly commend this suggestion to the notice of the readers of the LONDON REVIEW.

Now and then we have an amusing anecdote, like this:—

"Honey was used as a preservative by the ancients, as sugar now; it is even said to have been used as an antiseptic in preserving the dead, and for specimens, as alcohol with us, as we read of a centaur which was born in Thebes, but, dying the same day, was sent preserved in honey to a museum, as we should call it, in Egypt."

This really sounds as modern as Barnum with his mermaid.

We can scarcely do better for our readers than extract a passage or two from the author's summary:—

"Every one must pick out the cheapest and most convenient disinfectant according to the circumstances of the case. For [an ordinary purpose], salts of metals, that is, chloride and sulphate of iron or zinc, or carbolic acid. Some people object to that acid. A nurse in a London infirmary preferred the smell of skin diseases. The salts may be put in the cistern occasionally, or be poured down occasionally. Carbolic acid may be used with abundance of water if it does not stand still for many days. My belief is strong in common salt. The laboratory experiments bear much in its favour. I have neglected however to try it on a large scale, and must wait till it is tried.

"Here is a short summary:—

"Chloride of lime destroys smell rapidly.

"Condy's fluid permanganate for in-doors when no smell is allowed even of the disinfectant.

"Tar acids for continuous action, and especially for the air in all places.

"Chloride of lime—Burnett's fluid—for preserving moist bodies long."

This is followed by details which are intended chiefly for cattle-dealers and manufacturers, and, indeed, as we have already stated, the volume seems to have no particular adaptation to the needs of ordinary households, in most of which, among educated people, as much is known as can be readily applied. The ignorance and indifference of the poor on the subject are incredible, but of course a book of this stamp does not reach them.

#### THE HEIGHTS OF LONDON.\*

PRE-EMINENT among the suburbs of London, for beauty of situation and variety of interesting associations, are those villages which lie on the slopes of the northern ridge of hills, or just beyond, and which, to the confusion of Cockneys, abound in the initial H. Even to this day, the town has extended less in that direction than in most others, owing, probably, to the difficulties of the sharply-rising ground; and a generation ago, before the introduction of railways, Hampstead, Highgate, Hendon, Muswell Hill, Hornsey, and the neighbouring places, were perfect specimens of English rusticity, rendered all the more pleasant by the vicinity, on the other side of those sheltering heights, of a great metropolis, with its ever-working brain, producing from day to day new intellectual riches beneath its brooding cloud of smoke. Hampstead and Highgate, in particular, were favourite resorts of the literary men of fifty years ago; and, although the Tory critics of *Blackwood* got up a foolish cry about Cockney poets, the memory of those writers will cling for ever about the classic grounds they haunted, and will add a spiritual grace to the fields and woody slopes as long as any of them remain unspoiled by modern brick and stucco. The famous heath, with its surrounding hills, and its rich, bosky vales, was an object of attraction to American visitors, and Washington Irving, in his "Tales of a Traveller," speaks with positive enthusiasm of the country in that direction. The increase of our metropolitan population, the consequent advance of London, and the encroachment of the railway system, which always carries a train of houses with it in the neighbourhood of great cities, have undoubtedly done somewhat to the deterioration of the northern suburbs. Yet it is amazing how much of rustic beauty, and of comfortable, dreamy antiquity yet remains in these memorial spots, within an easy walk of London. It is to be feared, indeed, that the next ten or fifteen years will see a considerable change. Hampstead Heath begins to be dotted at the edges with new villa residences, of that "desirable" order which furnishes the most sonorous periods of the auctioneer, but which never harmonizes with the peculiar character of the country. A smart hotel has reared itself in the Vale of Health, and Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson threatens the integrity of the furzy common, and two or

\* Disinfectants and Disinfection. By Robert Angus Smith, Ph.D., F.R.S., F.C.S. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

\* The Northern Heights of London; or, Historical Associations of Hampstead, Highgate, Muswell-hill, Hornsey, and Islington. By William Howitt, Author of "Visits to Remarkable Places." London: Longmans.



three railways have already marked it for their own. With all these dangers menacing the whole region it is to be feared that Hampstead and its companions will suffer from the utilitarian spirit of the times; but the Heath and the country all round are such old-established favourites of us Londoners that they will not be relinquished without a struggle. No doubt, the natural tendency of a city such as London is to grow all round, and to absorb field after field, and valley after valley, without regard to the beauty it is destroying, or to the reminiscences of genius and worth which it puts to flight. As the town advances, and the old rural spots are covered with streets and squares, we must fix our affections on green and leafy retreats lying yet further off; and railways, while they make a desolation at our doors, offer us some kind of compensation by enabling town-workers to go still more afield. But these distant places cannot equal their nearer brethren in one peculiar charm. They are less rich in literary and personal associations, and must remain so for many years. The closeness to London of the old rural suburbs has made them for centuries the resort of statesmen, courtiers, philosophers, lawyers, poets, wits, essayists, historians, painters, and philanthropists. Successive generations of distinguished men have found repose from the tumult of the weary town in these woody valleys which lie at the very door of London. Hardly an inch of the ground—scarcely an old house, a leafy garden, a hedge-row lane, or an ivy-covered church—but owns its haunting shade of some great or good man, who has there lived and meditated, or passed quietly out of existence. All the varied human interest of London is combined, in these favoured spots, with the kindly solitude of meadows and ancient farms. You walk in company with the illustrious dead, and have action and character to fill up the inanimate beauty of nature with meanings finer than its own. At the bottom of Highgate-hill, Bacon caught his death by stuffing a cock with snow, to see if cold would prevent the flesh from putrefying. At the crest of the hill, Coleridge spent the last years of his life at the house of his kind friends, the Gilmans; and close by he lies buried. In Highgate, also, lived Ireton, Andrew Marvell, and other famous men. At Haverstock-hill, Steele had a cottage, recently pulled down. Caen Wood was the seat of Lord Mansfield. Erskine lived near the Spaniards. Hampstead is rich in memories of Sir Harry Vane, and of the writers of last century; and here, in the earlier years of the present century, Leigh Hunt dwelt and associated with Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, and Haydon. The soil is rich in intellectual crops; and many quaint and curious anecdotes—not to speak of some tragedies—are associated with the old houses, the shady walks, the open spaces, and the far-spreading fields.

Mr. Howitt, having resided for some years in these northern outlets from the metropolis, has employed himself in collecting details of interest in connection with the five hamlets—Hampstead, Highgate, Muswell-hill, Hornsey, and Islington. His researches have supplied him with matter sufficient to form a bulky octavo volume; and it will not be denied, by any one who has a taste for antiquarianism, topography, or personal anecdote, that the work is a very entertaining compilation. The author has fixed a number of fugitive memoranda and stray facts about his favourite haunts, and has shown great diligence in consulting available authorities. We observe by the preface that Mr. Howitt has forsaken "the northern heights," and now resides at Esher, in Surrey; but his mind evidently lingers with affection about the spots he here describes. We cannot say that Mr. Howitt's volume is likely to assume any high place in literature. As a piece of writing, it might be better. Many years ago Mr. Howitt attracted general attention to his name by a charming production—"The Book of the Seasons"—in which his intimate knowledge of the country, of the operations of nature, and of the pursuits of agriculturists, found agreeable expression. But he has hardly maintained the reputation he then achieved. His views of things are incurably commonplace. He feels justly and generously on many subjects; but he cannot rise above a certain dead level. His style is loose and feeble; and, judging from the carelessness with which he makes his quotations, we do not feel entire dependence on the accuracy of his facts. Mr. Howitt, when he moralizes, is apt to become a bore. For instance: having mentioned that Leigh Hunt's house in the Vale of Health, Hampstead—once the resort of Shelley, Keats, Hazlitt, and others of that remarkable company—has been pulled down to furnish a site for the new hotel (a fact, by the bye, with respect to which we believe there is some doubt), he proceeds to make the following remark:—

"What an idea! the particular spot on which three or four of our most gifted and intellectual men used to meet, and speculate on ideal beauty, and on plans for the elevation of the race, should be the one

on which the bestial Bacchus, the brutalizer and demoralizer of this nation, should select to squat himself down, as if in intense satisfaction of triumph over them. One seems to see the demon of drink and riot stamping his foot on the ground consecrated to genius and refinement, and laughing uproariously at his odious achievement. Every right mind will rejoice that the base speculation has failed, and that, at the moment at which I write, the huge abortion is in the market, and we hope will be converted to some more honourable purpose."

The feminine fervour of these expressions—"bestial Bacchus," "brutalizer and demoralizer," "squat himself down," "stamping his foot," "laughing uproariously," "odious achievement," "base speculation," &c.—are equalled by the folly of the argument they are intended to suggest. Certainly, we should have been better pleased if the homely rusticity of the Vale of Health had not been contradicted by a flashy hotel; and, supposing the particular house alluded to has really been destroyed, the loss is one which will be mourned by all who love the memories of the eminent men who used to assemble there. But to say that a hotel cannot be built without an outrage on decency and morals is absurd; seeing that taverns existed at Hampstead before, we do not see any occasion for singling out one in particular for denunciation. This is the kind of wild exaggeration in which teetotal orators indulge; and, unfortunately, Mr. Howitt has identified himself with a great deal of platform extravagance, which breaks out now and then, to the detriment of his better sense. His remarks on Shelley, in the same part of his book, are mere declamation, and no more explain the particular character of Shelley's views than the revilings of his enemies explained them. Mr. Howitt would have us believe that the poet repudiated Christianity because he judged it by the standard of worldly people calling themselves Christians, and that, finding their practice at issue with their professed belief, he rejected the latter from simple dislike of the former. We are then told to glance over the whole of Christian Europe, and to take note of the hundreds of thousands of armed men ready to fall on each other in deadly warfare; and finally it is authoritatively laid down that this state of things, together with the ignorance, crime, and misery of one portion of society, and the luxury, pride, and ostentation of another, is the source "of that infidelity which has of late years over-run the so-called civilized world with such rapidity." It is surprising that Mr. Howitt should be so ignorant of the precise nature of Shelley's unbelief—or, more properly speaking, belief—as not to know that his dissent from the Christian system lay much deeper than a mere quarrel with the discrepancy existing between the creed of commonplace people and their acts, however much that discrepancy may have exasperated his opposition. The infidelity of some men has a purely personal basis; that of Shelley proceeded from metaphysical considerations affecting the whole structure of Christian theology. There is every reason to suppose that, were he living now (as he might well be, for his age would be just the same as Earl Russell's), he would still be among the religious reformers of the day, ranking himself with Huxley and Tyndall, rather than with the heads of High or Low Church, or even with the latitudinarian Colenso. Mr. Howitt is incapable of understanding the age if he supposes that the intellectual movements to which he refers are simply caused by the armaments of the Emperor of the French and the King of Prussia, or by the existence of pauperism in the Isle of Dogs and luxury in Belgravia. They result from a reconsideration of the very elements of theology, and from a comparison of ancient faiths with modern knowledge. We are expressing no opinion on this very serious aspect of contemporary thought, but we wish to guard against that confusion of mind and half-unconscious insincerity of reasoning to which writers like Mr. Howitt are prone. To say that people "read the New Testament, and find that it declares that every man shall love his neighbour as himself, that its Author declares himself the Prince of Peace, and his doctrine as love," and that then they are rendered infidels by finding the nations armed for war, is oratory, rather than reason. The same lips which uttered those principles also said (according to the report of Matthew)—"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." Or, as Luke repeats the words—"Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division. For from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three." The pugnacious have more warrant for their acts than the Quaker simplicity of Mr. Howitt seems to suppose.

The volume before us is too long, and might have been advantageously shortened by omitting those biographical sketches of eminent persons which Mr. Howitt has thought it incumbent on him to give. But, after these drawbacks have been made,



it is a pleasant volume, and all dwellers and loungers in the northern suburbs, possessed of literary tastes, will be glad to have it.

#### IN SILK ATTIRE.\*

THE three first chapters of this story, which form a sort of prologue, introduce us to Annie Napier, a distinguished actress, who, while in the height of her fame, is wooed and won and married by Harry Ormond, Marquis of Knottingley, who carries his wife to Switzerland, dreading to introduce her to his family lest they should decline to recognise her, or otherwise make her life miserable. After living with his wife several years on the shore of a Swiss lake, during which time a child is born to them, Harry Ormond takes a longing to revisit England, which he does, leaving behind him both wife and child, whom he never again sees. Arriving in England, he thinks it better, or is induced by the influence of relatives to think it better, not to return to his wife any more, but to live apart from her, the grounds of his conduct being the alleged impossibility of introducing to a family so exclusive as his own one who had been an actress, though she is now his wife and therefore the lawful Marchioness of Knottingley. Declining a separate maintenance which he offers her, the marchioness retires to New York, where, under the name of Brunel, she once more goes upon the stage, to which she also trains her daughter, Annie Brunel, whose histrionic genius excels that of her mother. At the death of the marquis, ten years after, his will discloses the fact that he had made what reparation was then possible by acknowledging the claims of his wife as sole heiress to his whole property. Of this, however, she refuses to avail herself, choosing rather to live by her profession; and she arranges with the English lawyers that even her daughter, who knows nothing of her real rank, shall only apply to them in a certain eventuality, when she may learn her position and claims. Thus far the prologue.

The story then follows the fortunes of Annie Brunel, the young American actress, who has captivated the heart of London by the brilliancy of her genius. We get the first glimpse of her at a little supper after the play—the party consisting of Mr. Melton, the manager; Miss Brunel, with several other members of the company; a number of critics; a *parvenu* count, the Graf von Schönstein; Will Anerley, a friend of the count; and others, who figure in the tale. This is among the first glimpses we get of Annie Brunel:—

"Slight in figure, and somewhat pale and dark, there was nevertheless a certain calm dignity about her features, and a stateliness in her gestures, which gave an almost massive grandeur to her appearance. Then her magnificent black hair lay around her clear calm face, which was rendered the more intensely spiritual by large eyes of a deep tender grey. They were eyes, under those long eyelashes, capable of a great sadness, and yet they were not sad. There seemed to play around the beautiful, intellectual face a bright, superficial, unconscious activity; and she herself appeared to take a quite infantine interest in the cheerful trivialities around her. For the rest, she was dressed in a gleaming white *moiré*, with tight sleeves that came down to her tiny wrists, and there ended in a faint line of blue; and through the great braided masses of her black hair there was wound a thick cord of twisted silver, which also had a thread of blue cunningly interwoven with it. The artistic possibilities of her fine face and complexion were made the most of; for she was an artist, one of the few true artists who have been seen upon our modern stage. . . . For once unanimity prevailed among all the critics who were worth attention, and they said that the new actress was a woman of genius. Who could doubt it that had witnessed the utter self-abandonment of her impersonations? On the stage she was no longer mistress of herself. Her eyes deepened until they were almost black; her face was stirred with the white light of passion; and her words were instinct with the tenderness which thrills a theatre to its core. When the sudden intensity died down, when she resumed her ordinary speech and dress, she seemed to have come out of a trance. Not a trace remained of that fire and those intonations, which were the result of unconscious creation; her eyes resumed their serene, happy indifference, her face its pleased, child-like expression. Swift, active, dexterous she was, full of all sorts of genial, merry activities; that kindling of the eye and tremour of the voice belonged to the dream-life she led elsewhere."

This is Annie Brunel, the actress, and, unknown to herself, Marchioness of Knottingley, holding in herself many possibilities of romance, some of which soon force themselves into fact. For it is hardly possible that the secret of such a grand prize could remain closed for ever. The story of her parentage is known to Count von Schönstein, who has it from his brother, a member of the firm which is the depository of the Knottingley-Brunel romance; and that is the reason why the count is present at the supper after the play. Having met Miss Brunel before in

America, he renews his acquaintance with her in England, and, with the knowledge of her parentage, resolves to marry her if he can, expecting by that means to get into aristocratic circles, which he finds to be impossible with his purchased patent of nobility. One can feel, of course, that the count cannot be the man, and, as the result proves, in spite of the bold though not altogether honourable push he makes, he fails. But the count does not fail wholly through personal unfitness, but because a better man is bound to succeed, and that man, as the prophetic instinct perceives, can be nobody but Will Anerley. Yet one is puzzled at this; for several apparent impossibilities bar the way of such a consummation. In the first place, there seems no necessity for it. Then, although, as Annie Brunel and Will become acquainted, they grow to like each other, liking is not exactly loving. Besides, she has been taught by her mother neither to marry nor expect to find happiness outside her profession; while he is practically engaged to marry a young lady, a distant relation of his own, Dove Anerley, who has been brought up in his own family down at St. Mary-Kirby, in pleasant Kent. In spite, however, of these apparently insurmountable reasons to the contrary, the one thing that grows and looms clearer and larger through the obscurity is the fact that, somehow, the destinies of Will Anerley and Annie Brunel are steadily converging towards each other, and will finally become one. In the mean time there remains the difficulty of Dove Anerley, whose portrait is thus suggested:—

"It was one of those rare faces which tantalize you in the very act of admiring them. There was nothing in it of that mature, vigorous, definite beauty of form and complexion which a man may calmly observe and criticise in the face of a woman; but a tender uncertainty, a half-suggested and shrinking loveliness which made one vaguely conscious that this frail and beautiful smile of nature might suddenly vanish from the fine features. It was not that the girl seemed unwell, or in any degree fragile; but simply that one, in looking at her face, could not help regretting that her loveliness was not less delicate and more pronounced, that there was not more life and less sensitiveness in her large violet eyes."

This is the lady who has been the companion of Will Anerley's youth, whom he loves, and to whom he has been spiritually, if not formally, affianced long before he encounters Annie Brunel. But that encounter is the beginning of a subtle change. In physical and mental structure, Will, who is the son of a country gentleman, is a thorough Englishman, and is above treachery and deception. He does not deceive and desert Dove Anerley—he does not even cease to love her; but his love for her is slowly and unconsciously overshadowed by a passion more intense and profound, inspired by the young actress, who is capable of reaching depths in the human heart unknown to the gentle-minded Dove. It all seems natural and inevitable—and as inevitable, too, that Annie Brunel should fall in love with Will Anerley. The two are thrown much together during a trip to Count Schönstein's residence in the Black Forest in Germany; and on Will's return to England Dove notices the change in manner, and her prophetic heart attributes it to the right cause. Yet, as if foreboding what the end is to be, she hardly resents the change in her lover. A change also comes over Annie Brunel. Remembering the teaching of her mother, she conceals her passion for Will, feeling that she ought not to think of loving any one outside the circle of her profession; and even when their mutual affection is confessed, they agree and endeavour to suppress it for the sake of Dove Anerley, whom Will is bound in honour to marry. The impossible game of suppression goes on for some time, when a deep feeling of repugnance to her profession comes over the actress. The power of genius seems to die within her. In the light of her strong passion, the idea of a higher life dawns upon her; she sees and feels that the stage is no longer the place for her, and leaves it, almost penniless, if not friendless. At this time, too, the Anerleys are ruined by the collapsing of the bank in which their fortune is lodged—an event which Will and his philosophic father take almost with a jest. Worse than this, to them, is the fact that Dove, having somehow been smitten with cold, is now dying of consumption. Suddenly, in the midst of their well-borne distress, fortune shines upon them from an unknown place. This is the cause of it:—Miss Brunel, having at length been reduced to her last shilling, and remembering the injunction of her mother that in some such event she is to apply to a certain lawyer, does so, and there and then discovers that she is the daughter and sole heiress of the Marquis of Knottingley. Although for a time quite stunned by the revelation, Annie Brunel soon masters the situation, and she is the source of the sunshine which is secretly poured upon the Anerleys. But Dove is dying—and from death there is no escape, and she knows it. But she seems eager to get married to Will before she dies, just to have

\* In *Silk Attire*. A Novel. By William Black, Author of "Love or Marriage?" Three vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.



the honour and feel the rapture of being his wife. For this purpose she gets Will to buy a wedding ring, and to write a sort of betrothal contract in these words:—"We two, loving each other very dearly, write our names underneath in token that we have become husband and wife, and as a pledge of our constant love." This, however, remains unsigned, and, meanwhile, Dove, getting gradually worse, desires to see Annie Brunel, whom Will finds in her poor lodging, attired in a simple black dress, for her great secret is still undivulged:—

"'I was going to see Dove,' she said, 'when I heard she had sent for me. But—is there anything the matter?'"

"'Dove is ill,' he said abruptly. 'I—I cannot tell you. But she wants you to come and—play a piece of music for her.'"

"Neither of them spoke a word all the way to the house. When Annie Brunel, pale, and calm, and beautiful, went to the girl, and took up her white hand, and kissed her, there was a pleased expression on Dove's face.

"'Why didn't they tell me you were ill?' she said. 'I should have been here before.'"

"'I know that,' said Dove in a whisper, 'for—for you have always been kind to me. But you have come in time—but I am too weak to tell you—ask Will—the betrothal.'"

"The brief explanation was speedily given; and then Dove said,—

"'I am very tired. Will you go into the next room and play me the "Coulin;" and when you come back—'

"She went to Dove's piano, and found there the air which she knew so well. And as she played it so softly that it sounded like some bitter, sad leave-taking that the sea had heard and murmured over, Dove lay and listened with a strange look on her face. Will's hand was in hers, and she drew him down to her, and whispered,—

"'I could have been so happy with you, Will; so very happy, I think. But I had no right to be. Where is the—the paper I was to sign?'"

"He brought it and put it on the table beside her bed; and Miss Brunel came into the room, and went over to Dove.

"'That is the paper I must sign,' said the girl. 'But how can I? Will you—will you do it for me? But come closer to me and listen, for I have a secret—'

"When Annie Brunel bent down her head to listen, Dove drew the wedding ring off her finger, kissed it tenderly, and put it on her companion's hand; and then she said, looking Annie in the face with a faint smile in the peaceful violet eyes, 'It is your own name you must sign.'"

"At the same moment she lay back exhausted, and to Mr. Anerley, who had hurriedly stepped forward to take her hand, she sighed wearily, 'I am so tired; I shall rest.' And presently a beautiful, happy light stole over the girlish features; and he heard her murmur indistinctly—as if the words were addressed to him from the other world—the old familiar line, 'Meghily, meghily shall I sleep now.'"

"They were the last words that Dove uttered; and they were the cause of the last smile that was on her sweet face."

Such, as near as we can give it, is an epitome of the story of "In Silk Attire." By way of criticism, we shall only say that Mr. Black seems a little too fond of airing his German, and that the result is not always intelligible. "Getchen mir, deuke ran" (vol. ii., p. 64), is either an anagram or a conundrum. If a conundrum, we give it up; if an anagram, transposition might render it "Denke an mir, Gretchen"—which, however, would be ungrammatical, unless the Black Foresters adopt the vulgarisms of the Berliners.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Pre-Glacial Man, and Geological Chronology.* By J. Scott Moore. (Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Foster.)

Portions of some of the papers included in this volume were read at evening meetings of the Royal Geographical Society of Ireland; but in their present form they will probably reach a much larger public. Mr. Moore desires to chronicle the latest results of contemporary investigation into geological chronology. Croll's tables, he remarks, have been calculated at the instance of Sir Charles Lyell; and from them the dates of the glacial epochs, which have occurred within the last million of years, have been approximately ascertained. From these tables Mr. Moore has attempted to give dates for the several formations, from the time of the lower miocene to the present period. He admits that this is only a rough attempt—"an approximation which will require to be rectified or confirmed, on farther examination, by competent parties, their attention being drawn to the subject." The author goes on to say that "there are several facts to show that palæolithic man was contemporaneous with the extinct placental animals of pre-glacial times;" and in the diagram he has been so placed. There are circumstances, however, which favour the supposition of his post-glacial origin. If this should prove to be the case, "his first appearance on the earth would have been within 50,000 years from the present time. If," on the other hand, "it be proved that he existed along with the extinct pre-glacial animals, it would carry his time back to that of from 300,000 to 400,000 years." Mr. Moore thinks that, when once we pass the Scriptural date of Adam's creation (about six thousand years ago), "we need not hesitate to extend the time of man back so far as

we can find his traces, without any further danger of conflicting with the Mosaic account." That is very true; but the clerical geologists, and their allies of the Victoria Institute, will keep us squabbling as long as possible over the six thousand years' calculation. Such volumes as Mr. Moore's are of a nature to widen the views of so-called "orthodox" geologists; and the present work deserves to be very generally read.

*Great Christians of France. St. Louis and Calvin.* By M. Guizot. Parts I. and II. (Macmillan & Co.)

The translation of M. Guizot's work on French Christians of eminence here presented to us, forms another section of the "Sunday Library" of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The first of these two parts deals exclusively with St. Louis, of whom an interesting account is given. There are few more attractive figures in mediæval European history than that of the conscientious, religious king (fanatic though he was in some respects), whose memory is cherished in France to the present day. M. Guizot's book sketches the events of his reign in a condensed and readable style; and the present translation is a good addition to the "Sunday Library." The sketch of Calvin's life will also be found equally interesting.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Ansted (D. T.), *Elementary Course of Geology, Mineralogy, &c.* 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
- Arago (E.), *Les Aristocraties: a Comedy, with Notes.* By E. P. Brette. 2nd edit. Feap., 4s.
- Augustine (St.), *Catechizandis Rudibus, &c.* Editio C. Marriott. Feap., 3s. 6d.
- Aytoun (Professor), *Life of Richard I.* New edit. 18mo., 3s. 6d.
- Bateman (H.), *Fret Not, and other Poems and Hymns, with Music.* Square 8vo., 7s. 6d.
- Binney (Rev. T.), *Sermons Preached in Weigh-house Chapel.* 8vo., 10s. 6d.
- Bowen (F.), *Key to the Acts of the Apostles.* Feap., 4s. 6d.
- Black (W.), *In Silk Attire: a Novel.* 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
- Brachet (A.), *Historical Grammar of the French Tongue.* 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Burritt (E.), *Fireside Words.* Vol. for 1868. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
- Cassell's *Technical Manuals: Linear Drawing and Orthographic Projection.* 1 vol. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Chambers's *Miscellany.* New edit. Vol. I. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
- Child World. By Authors of "Poems for a Child." 10mo., 3s. 6d.
- Cox (G. W.), *Tale of the Great Persian War.* New edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
- Dale (R. W.), *Week-day Sermons.* New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
- De Pressensé (E.), *The Church and the French Revolution.* Cr. 8vo., 9s.
- Dindorf (G.), *Poetaram Scenicorum Græcorum.* 5th edit. Royal 8vo., 21s.
- Dod's *Parliamentary Companion, 1869.* 32mo., 4s. 6d.
- Eastlake (Sir C.), *Materials for a History of Oil Painting.* Vol. II. 8vo., 14s.
- Edwards (M. E.), *Kitty.* 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
- (Zachary), *Primitives.* 8 Photographs. Royal 16mo., 12s. 6d.
- Elliott (C.), *Hours of Sorrow: Poems.* 7th edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
- Evenings at Home, in Words of One Syllable. By M. Godolphin. 16mo., 3s. 6d.
- Every Man's Own Lawyer. 7th edit. 12mo., 6s. 8d.
- *Lawyer's Own Book.* 7th edit. 12mo., 7s.
- Garnett (R.), *Idylls and Epigrams from Greek Anthology.* Feap., 2s. 6d.
- Garratt (J. and C.), *Exchange Tables of Brazil, River Plate, &c.* 8vo., 21s.
- Gibson (A. C.), *The Folk Speech of Cumberland.* Feap., 3s. 6d.
- Green (Rev. S.), *Life of Mahomet.* New edit. 18mo., 3s. 6d.
- Harding (W. J.), *The Bright To-morrow: a Novel.* 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
- Helen's Trouble. 18mo., 1s.
- Heurtley (C. A.), *De Fide et Symbolo.* Feap., 4s. 6d.
- Hibberd (Shirley), *Book of the Aquarium.* New edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
- History (The) of a Ship from her Cradle to her Grave. 16mo., 3s.
- Homer's *Odyssey.* Translated into Blank Verse by G. W. Edington. Vol. I. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
- Home Thoughts for Mothers and Mothers' Meetings. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
- Homilist (The). Edited by D. Thomas. 3rd Series. Vol. X. Cr. 8vo., 5s. 6d.
- Hopkins (E. J.) and Smyth (W. H.), *Choral Psalter.* Cr. 8vo., 3s.
- Hymns for the Church of England. 8vo., 5s.
- Index to the *Times Newspaper*, October to December, 1868. 4to., 10s.
- Jackson (Bishop), *Repentance: its Necessity, Nature, and Aids.* New edit. 18mo., 1s.
- Jencken (J. F.), *On Light, Colour, and Electricity.* Cr. 8vo., 5s.
- Jenkins (J. D.), *The Age of the Martyrs.* Cr. 8vo., 6s.
- Johns (Rev. C. A.), *Forest Trees of Britain.* New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
- Lavater (J. C.), *Essays on Physiognomy.* New edit. 8vo., 12s.
- Lytton (Rev. W. H.), *Forms of Praise and Prayer in Private.* Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
- Lytton (Lord), *Paul Clifford.* New edit. Feap., 2s.
- Maclear (Rev. G. F.), *The Order of Confirmation.* Feap., 3d.
- Medicine in Modern Times: Discourses to the British Medical Association. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
- Mrs. Brown at the Seaside. New edit. Feap., 1s.
- Morning and Evening Hymns for a Week. New edit. 18mo., 1s.
- Morrison (P.), *Bible Truths and Teachings.* Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
- Mutiny (The) of the *Bounty.* New edit. 18mo., 3s. 6d.
- Nesle (J.), *The Mutiny at the Nore.* New edit. 18mo., 3s. 6d.
- Norton (G.), *History and Constitution of the City of London.* 3rd edit. 8vo., 14s.
- Oram's *Examples in Arithmetic.* Part 2. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
- Patz and Putz. *The Lives of Two Bears.* 16mo., 1s.
- Pharaoh's Daughter: an Anthropological Drama. 12mo., 7s. 6d.
- Poems written for a Child by Two Friends. New edit. 18mo., 3s. 6d.
- Pollok (B.), *The Course of Time.* New edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
- Price (B.), *The Principles of Currency.* Six Lectures at Oxford. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
- Reeve (Rev. W. J.), *That Day: Lent Lectures.* New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
- Rickard (G.), *Practical Mining.* Feap., 2s. 6d.
- Roberts (J.) on Billiards. Edited by H. Buck. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
- Rules and Regulations for the Game of Bezique. 10mo., 3d.
- Swiss Family Robinson (The), in Words of One Syllable. By M. Godolphin. 16mo., 3s. 6d.
- Templar (A.), *The Gladstone Government Cabinet Pictures.* 8vo., 14s.
- Thornton (W. D.), *On Labour: its Claims and Duties.* 8vo., 14s.
- Todd (Rev. H.), *The Fountain of Youth, and Other Poems.* Feap., 3s.
- Turner (Thomas), *Sixth English Reading-Book.* Part II. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 4d.
- Ditto, Complete. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
- Urquhart (G. D.), *Dues and Charges on Shipping in Foreign Ports.* 8vo., 21s.
- Wagner (Rev. G.), *Sermons on the Book of Job.* 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
- Webster's *English Dictionary.* By C. A. Goodrich. New edit. Royal 8vo., 12s.
- Williams (Sarah), *Twilight Hours.* With Memoir by J. H. Plumptre. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
- Zeunor (Dr. G.), *Treatise on Valve Gears.* 8vo., 12s.



*Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S SECOND READING from his own Poetical Works will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday evening, March 3rd. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Messrs. Mitchell's, Chappell's, Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, Cheapside; and at the Rooms.*

## MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S SECOND READING, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, MARCH 3.

### PROGRAMME.

- |   |                               |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 1. MARC ANTONY IN EGYPT.                            | 4. THE BATTLE OF DRUMLIEMOOR. |
| 2. THE LITTLE MILLINER.                             | 5. LIZ.                       |
| 3. POET ANDREW.                                     | 6. THE SAINT'S STORY.         |
| 7. THE WAKE OF O'HARA (repeated by special desire). |                               |

## MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S READINGS

### FROM HIS OWN POETICAL WORKS,

"UNDERTONES," "IDYLS AND LEGENDS OF INVERBURN," "LONDON POEMS," "NORTH COAST," &c.

#### From PUNCH, January 27th.

WELCOME TO A POET.—Mr. Punch observes that Mr. Robert Buchanan, a poet of the right sort, reads publicly in London. Ha! sirs! We could well like to hear him. Mr. Punch wishes him every success, and, by way of pointing a paragraph avowedly written to serve a gentleman for whom he has a regard, adds that he has no doubt that Mr. Buchanan speaks up, for delightful as are his undertones in print, they won't do on a platform.

#### From the EXPRESS, January 26th.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has achieved the difficulty of inventing a new pleasure. . . . To listen to beautiful poetry, beautifully read, is one of the most grateful of intellectual pleasures; and this pleasure was, we think, enjoyed in a keen degree by Mr. Buchanan's audience last night. In his pathetic, as well as in humorous passages, his expression was excellent, and he must be congratulated on his gallant achievement of a perilous adventure.

#### From the GLOBE, January 26th.

A complete mastery over the feelings of the assemblage was obtained. . . . His first reading was completely successful. It was heard with marked attention by one of the most distinguished audiences an entertainment of the kind has ever gathered. There can scarcely be a doubt that these readings will be long successful, or that they will help to familiarize large numbers of people with the best words of one of our most original poets.

#### From the DAILY NEWS, January 27th.

The sombre story of the drunkard's wife, who admits her husband one night to learn that he has murdered another in a drunken broil, is certainly one of the most powerful dramatic poems in our language. Mr. Buchanan's hearers listened with breathless attention to the terrible narrative of the woman's distracted wanderings in the inhospitable streets of London on the night preceding her husband's

execution. Equally effective and remarkable, by way of contrast, was the "Wake of Tim O'Hara,"—a poem full of clever touches of character, and the quaint story of "Widow Mysie: an Idyll of Love and Whisky."

#### From the LONDON REVIEW, January 30th.

Gifted with the rare materials of elocution, it is not to be wondered at that the reader made full use of them in giving effect to a selection from these poems, the realistic accessories, the tragic pathos, and passionate utterances of which have hitherto been known to us only through the printing press. Into his readings Mr. Buchanan carried the dramatic intensity which characterises his writings, and his successive pictures of the old Schoolmaster, of Nell, of the lover of Widow Mysie, gained from his interpretation an individuality even more distinct than that which marked them as poetic creations.

#### From the OBSERVER, January 31st.

A numerous, fashionable, and highly gratified audience. It is not often that poets are good readers of their own works, but Mr. Buchanan has shown that no person could have been better qualified than he is to inspire his hearers with a true feeling of the excellence of his poems. He has a full, clear, and melodious voice, and his delivery is earnest, graceful, and impressive. The successful effects of his readings were shown by the judicious as well as hearty applause bestowed by his hearers, amongst whom were many of the leading literary characters of the present day.

#### From the SOUTH LONDON PRESS, January 30th.

Immediately in front of him sat Lord Houghton, to his right was the poet Browning, near him Dr. Westland Marston, and opposite, the Rev. Newman Hall. The body of the room was full of literary men, critics, editors, and publishers; but Mr. Buchanan was not afraid of his critical audience; he faced them boldly, read manfully and well, and wrung from them the tribute of enthusiastic applause.

*Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN has already made arrangements to read during March in many English and Scottish provincial towns. Secretaries and others desirous of securing his services should write at once to*

THE SECRETARY,

23, Bernard Street, Russell Square, W.



## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—THE BOARDING SCHOOL.** After which the grand Pantomime, **ROBINSON CRUSOE**; or, Friday and the Fairies. Commence at 7 and terminate at 11. Box office open from 10 till 5.

**THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—At 7, MY WIFE'S OUT.** At a quarter to 8, the grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled **PUSS IN BOOTS**. Characters in the opening by the principal members of the company. Double troupe of pantomimists, and various novelties.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—At 7, RAISING THE WIND:** Messrs. Kendal, Clark, White, Buckstone, jun., &c.; Mesdames Laws, Dalton, &c. After which, **HOME:** Messrs. Sothorn, Chippendale, Compton, Astley, &c.; Mesdames Cavendish, Dalton, Hill, &c. Concluding with **THE FRIGHTFUL HAIR:** Messrs. Compton, Kendal, Weathersby, Buckstone, jun., &c.; Mesdames Caroline Hill, Scott, Gwynn, &c.

**THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—At 7, DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL?** Mr. G. Belmore and Mrs. L. Murray. At a quarter to 8, **THE DEAD HEART:** Messrs. Benjamin Webster, A. Stirling, G. Belmore, E. Phillips, Ashley, Stuart; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Lennox Grey, &c.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—At 7, THE SECRET.** After which, at a quarter to 8, **MARIE ANTOINETTE:** Mr. Vining, Mr. W. Rignold, Mr. Dominick Murray; Messrs. J. G. Shore, C. Harcourt, D. Leeson; Miss Lydia Howard and Mdle. Beatrice. Concluding with **A CUP OF TEA:** Mdle. Beatrice.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.—THE YOUNG MAN IN GREEN:** Mr. Terry and Miss Vokes. To be followed by **SAVED:** Mr. Norton and Miss Marion. To conclude with **HARLEQUIN HUMPTY DUMPTY:** Miss Parkes and the Vokes family.

**THEATRE ROYAL, OLYMPIC.—At 7, SLASHER AND CRASHER:** Messrs. E. Atkins, H. Vaughan, Taylor, and G. Vincent; Miss Schavey and Mrs. Caulfield. After which, at 7.45, **PAPER WINGS:** a Piece of the Period: Messrs. H. Neville, E. Atkins, J. G. Taylor, H. Cooper, H. Vaughan, Smithson, and H. Wigan; Mesdames N. Harris, Schavey, St. Henry, and Furtado.

**ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—At 7, DEAF AS A POST.** After which, at a quarter to 8, **RED HANDS:** Messrs. Coghlan, Murray, Williams, Flockton, Trafford, &c.; Mesdames Poynter, Lea, Marston, and Miss Lucy Rushton. To conclude with Arda's grand Ballet d'Action; Mdle. de la Ferté; Kiralfi Family, and Corps de Ballet of 100.

**GLOBE THEATRE, STRAND.—At 7, A HAPPY FAMILY.** At 7.30, **CYRIL'S SUCCESS.** At 9.40, **BROWN AND THE BRAHMIN:** Messrs. Marshall, Warner, Vernon, David Fisher, Andrews, Newbound, Hurlstone, and J. Clarke; Mesdames C. Thorne, Morgan, Brennan, Fountain, Henrade, Behrend, Hughes, and Stephens.

**ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—At 7, A WIDOW HUNT:** Messrs. Clarke, Belford, Joyce; Mesdames Bufton and Maitland. **THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD:** Messrs. Thorne, James, Robson; Mesdames Goodall, Hughes, Longmore, Maitland, Claire. And **HUE AND DYE:** Mr. Thorne and Miss Newton.

**PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.—At 8, SCHOOL MESSRS.** Hare, Montague, Addison, Glover, and Bancroft; Mesdames Carlotta Addison, Buckingham White, and Marie Wilton. Also **A WINNING HAZARD.** And **INTRIGUE:** Messrs. Montgomery, Collette, Sydney, Terriss; Misses A. and B. Wilton.

**GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—At 7, THE TWO HARLEQUINS:** Miss Constance Loseby and Mr. F. Crellin. At 7.45, **ON THE CARDS:** Mr. Alfred Wigan, Miss Madge Robertson, and M. Stuart. **ROBERT LE DIABLE:** Miss E. Farren, Miss Loseby, Miss Hastings, Miss Fowler; Mr. Barker, Mr. J. Eldred, Mr. J. Robins. Two Ballets. Principal dancer, Mdle. Bossi.

**QUEEN'S THEATRE ROYAL, Long Acre.—At 7, A RACE FOR A DINNER:** Mr. John Clayton. At half-past, **NOT GUILTY:** Messrs. J. L. Toole, S. Emery, H. Irving, W. H. Stephens, L. Brough, J. Clayton, H. Mellon, Seyton, Howard; Misses Henrietta Hodson, Everard, &c. To conclude with **THE BIRTHPLACE OF PODGERS:** Mr. J. L. Toole.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HOLBORN.—At 7, AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID:** Mr. E. Price; Misses Weathersby and Larkin. **FETTERED:** Messrs. Cowper, Neville, Parselle, Drew, Brunton, Arthur, Bartleman, and George Honey; Mesdames Lydia Foote, Turner, Maribro, Hodson, and Miss Fanny Josephs. And **LUCRETIA BORGIA, M.D.:** Miss Fanny Josephs and George Honey.

**ROYALTY THEATRE.—At 7.30, A LOVING CUP:** Messrs. Dewar, Day, Danvers; Mesdames Thompson and Kate Bishop. At 9, **CLAUDE DU VAL:** Messrs. Dewar, Day, Danvers; Mesdames Saunders, Thompson, Bromley, Bishop, Rouse, and M. Oliver. To conclude with **FAMILY JARS.**

**ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—THE HOME WRECK:** Richard Treasider, Mr. Creswick; Mr. E. F. Edgar, Mr. Walter Crosbie, Mr. Vollaie, Mr. Mat. Robson; Miss G. Pouncefort and Miss E. Lenard. And **JACK AND JILL:** Mr. W. Searle, Mat. Robson; Miss E. Webster, Miss A. Dodd, Miss E. Lenard. Clown, Harry Croueste; Harlequin, Sylvaine; Pantaloon, Gellini; Watteau Harlequin and Columbine, the Sisters Duvali.

**ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE and CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—At half-past 7, Oscar Carré's PERFORMING HORSES.** The Matchless Scenes in the Arena; including Messrs. Carré, Bradbury, Salamonsky, A. Carré, Clifton, Castelotti; and Mdles. Montero, Salamonsky, Amalia, Schwartz, and Kremsner.

**ROYAL ALFRED THEATRE.—At 8, the Grand Christmas Pantomime of DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT;** or, Fairy King Oberon and the Wicked Demon who came by Underground: Messrs. Harwood, Worboys, Bernard, and Dyas; Mesdames Craven and Mervyn. Preceded, at 7, by **THE WAYSIDE INN.**

**ST. GEORGE'S THEATRE.—At 8, Royal and Original Christy's Minstrels' Ethiopian Entertainment.** And the burlesque extravaganza, **THE VERY GRAND DUTCH-S.**

**GRECIAN THEATRE.—THE FLYING DUTCHMAN;** or, Harlequin The Riddle of the Sphinx. Flying Dutchman, Mr. George Conquest; and supported by Misses M. A. Victor, Denvil, Armstrong, Seaford; Messrs. D. Rowella, W. Osmond, H. Power, Grant, Jackson, Manning, and Howard; Messrs. Dorling, Gerish, Howes. To conclude with **PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE.**

## INSURANCE COMPANIES, &amp;c.

**HAND-IN-HAND FIRE AND LIFE MUTUAL INSURANCE OFFICE,**

1, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

The OLDEST Office in the Kingdom. Instituted for Fire Business, A.D. 1690. Extended to Life, 1836.

The WHOLE of the PROFITS divided yearly amongst the Members.

Returns for 1868.

Fire Department.—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

Life Department.—65 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of above 5 years' standing.

Accumulated Capital (25th Dec., 1867), £1,191,968.

The Directors are willing to appoint as Agents persons of good position and character.

**EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY,**

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament,

For Life Assurance, Annuities, and Guarantee of Fidelity in Situations of Trust.

CHAIRMAN—General Sir FREDERIC SMITH, K.H., F.R.S.

Policies Payable During Life—Indisputable—Not Liable to Forfeiture.

The Royal Naval, Military, and East India Life Department, affording peculiar advantages to Officers and others in the Navy and Army, and is under the special Patronage of

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The EUROPEAN Society is specially authorized by the Imperial Parliament to Guarantee the Fidelity of Government Officials.

New Premium Income in 1859, 1860, 1861	£101,600
" " 1862, 1863, 1864	£123,000
" " 1865, 1866, 1867	£180,745

Annual Income exceeds Three Hundred and Forty Thousand Pounds.

THE RETURN OF EACH WEEK'S NEW BUSINESS may be obtained at the OFFICES, or of any of the AGENTS.

The Annuity Tables offering special advantages to Annuityants, and full particulars of the popular Principles of this Society, will be found in the New Prospectus, which will be forwarded to applicants *Post Free*.

HENRY LAKE, General Manager.

17, WATERLOO PLACE, Pall Mall, LONDON.

**IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**

1, OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17, Pall Mall, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

Subscribed and Invested Capital £1,600,000. Losses paid £3,000,000.

Fire Insurances Granted on every description of Property, at home and abroad, at moderate rates.

Claims liberally and promptly settled.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

**UNITED PORTS AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY,**

17 and 18, Cornhill.—MARINE DEPARTMENT.—The

Company is prepared to RECEIVE PROPOSALS for INSURANCE of Goods, Freights, and other insurable interests.

CHARLES ELLIS, Underwriter.

**DEBENTURES at 5, 5½, and 6 PER CENT.—CEYLON COMPANY, LIMITED.**

Subscribed Capital, £750,000.

The Directors are prepared to issue Debentures on the following terms, viz., for one year at 5 per cent., for 3 years at 5½ per cent., and for 5 years and upwards at 6 per cent. per annum. Interest payable half yearly by cheque, or by coupons attached to the Bond as may be desired.

Application for particulars to be made at the Office of the Company, Palmerston buildings, Old Broad-street, London.

By order, R. A. CAMERON, Secretary.

**COLONIAL INVESTMENTS.—The CEYLON COMPANY, Limited,**

are prepared to effect investments on Mortgage in Ceylon and Mauritius, with or without their Guarantee, as may be desired.

For further particulars, application to be made at the Office of the Company Palmerston-buildings, Old Broad-street, London.

By order, R. A. CAMERON, Secretary.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE NATIONAL COTTAGE HOSPITAL for CONSUMPTION,**

Ventnor, Undercliff, Isle of Wight, for the Reception of Patients from all parts of the kingdom.

The General Committee having the satisfaction to announce that the first pair of BUILDINGS is nearly completed, now earnestly APPEAL for funds for the erection of the SECOND PAIR.

Donations and subscriptions thankfully received at the London and Westminster Bank, St. James's-square, S.W.; and at the London Office, 11, Charles-street, Manchester-square, W. Any benevolent person being at the cost of the erection of one of the cottages may have the same named after him, and will be always entitled to have three patients in the Hospital.

LAWRENCE PEEL, Chairman.

NEALE F. HORNE, Secretary.

**CITY of LONDON HOSPITAL for DISEASES of the CHEST,**

Victoria-park.—The ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of this Institution will be held at the London Tavern on Wednesday, 17th March.

The Right Hon. LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, M.P., in the chair, supported by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

The names of gentlemen willing to act as stewards will be thankfully received.

HENRY SEWELL, Hon. Sec.

Offices, 24, Finsbury-circus, E.C. RICHARD P. SLATER, Sec.

**NORTH LONDON CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL,**

Hampstead, or Tottenham-court-road, W.—The Committee very earnestly urge the claims of this Hospital upon the charity of the benevolent. Urgent cases are waiting anxiously for admission, and the Committee are compelled to refuse them, not from want of room to receive them, but from want of FUNDS to support them.

WM. HORNIBROOK, Secretary.

Office, 216, Tottenham-court-road, W.



## A SUCCESS UNPRECEDENTED! MARAVILLA COCOA IS PERFECTION.

The *Globe* says, "Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supersedes every other cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla cocoa above all others. For homœopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage."

Sold, in packets only, by all Grocers.

## WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER

(By APPOINTMENT) TO

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Sends a CATALOGUE gratis and post-paid. It contains upwards of 700 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock of

STERLING SILVER and ELECTRO PLATE,  
NICKEL SILVER and  
BRITANNIA METAL GOODS,  
DISH-COVERS, HOT-WATER DISHES,

STOVES and FENDERS,  
MARBLE CHIMNEY-PIECES,  
KITCHEN RANGES,  
LAMPS, GASOLIERES,

TEA TRAYS, URNS and KETTLES,  
TABLE CUTLERY,  
CLOCKS and CANDELABRA,  
BATHS and TOILET WARE,

IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS,  
BEDDING and BED-HANGINGS,  
BEDROOM CABINET FURNITURE,  
TURNERY GOODS.

With Lists of Prices, and Plans of the TWENTY LARGE SHOW ROOMS, at

39, Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, & 4, Newman Street; 4, 5, & 6, Perry's Place; and 1, Newman Yard, LONDON.

### CANCER HOSPITAL, London and Brompton; founded 1851.

—This Hospital was established for the exclusive treatment of the poor suffering from cancer, and has now been in operation nearly 18 years, during which time it has received under its care upwards of 8,000 cases. At Brompton there is accommodation for 80 in-door patients. The out-door cases average between 400 and 500 patients constantly under treatment. Poor persons suffering from cancer are admitted as out-door patients on their own application; those wishing for admission to the Hospital must attend at the London establishment, No. 167, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, Thursday, or Friday, at 2 o'clock; and at Brompton, on Monday or Wednesday, at the same hour.

Treasurer—Geo. T. Hertslet, Esq., Lord Chamberlain's office, St. James's Palace.

Bankers—Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand.

Office, 167, Piccadilly (opposite to Bond-street).

N.B.—A donation of 10 guineas constitutes a Life Governor; an annual subscription of one guinea, a Governor.

### THE SURGICAL AID SOCIETY. Offices, 16, Ludgate-hill, E.C.

President—The Right Hon. the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

This Society supplies spinal appliances, crutches, elastic stockings, and every other description of mechanical support gratuitously to the deserving poor in all parts of the kingdom, who, by reason of disease or accident, are partially or entirely prevented from performing their daily labour, but who, by the help of some surgical appliance, may be enabled to work in comfort for their own support.

Subscribers of 10s. 6d. and donors of five guineas will be entitled to two recommendations during the year.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Barclay & Co., Lombard-street; or by the Secretary, at the offices of the Society.

WILLIAM TRESIDDER, Secretary.

### ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, Gray's-inn-road.—Sickness is very prevalent; applications for admission are numerous; the funds are almost exhausted; and ASSISTANCE is urgently needed.

JAMES S. BLYTH, Secretary.

### GREAT NORTHERN HOSPITAL, Caledonian-road, N.—Several beds in the New Hospital Buildings cannot be occupied for WANT of FUNDS. 590,003 patients have been relieved.

F. SMITH, Esq., Hon. Secretary.  
GEORGE REID, Secretary.

### INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, Wanstead. Patron—The QUEEN.

It shelters the orphans of those once in prosperity.

It receives them in infancy, and retains them until 14 or 15 years of age.

It maintains nearly 600 fatherless children now.

It has received 2,351 fatherless children since 1827.

It depends upon voluntary contributions for nine-tenths of its income.

It pleads for those who are too young to plead for themselves.

Forms for nominating candidates for the May Election, when 30 children will be admitted, can be obtained at the office.

Life subscription for two votes, £10s. 10s.; for one vote, £5. 5s.

Annual subscription for two votes, £1. 1s.; for one vote, 10s. 6d.

Offices: 100, Fleet-street, E.C.

HENRY W. GREEN, Secretary.

### PROVIDENCE (ROW) NIGHT REFUGE, for Homeless

Men, Women, and Children, Crispin-street, and Raven-row, Bishopsgate without, N.E.—The new Refuge has been opened, and is crowded every night. More than 100,000 nights' lodgings, with suppers and breakfasts, have been given to the poor, without any distinction of religion. DONATIONS are earnestly requested, and will be gratefully acknowledged by the Rev. Daniel Gilbert, D.D., 22, Finsbury-circus, E.C.; Charles James Fox, Esq., M.D., 27, Finsbury-circus, E.C.; or Wm. Francis Jones, Esq., 21, City-road, E.C.

### HOME for LITTLE BOYS.—193 Little Boys once homeless

and destitute, or in danger of falling into crime, are now being fed, clothed, lodged, educated, and taught to earn their own living in the seven family Homes. FUNDS are urgently needed to support them. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smiths, 1, Lombard-street; by the Treasurer, W. H. Willans, Esq., 36, Coleman-street; and at the Office, 11, Buckingham street, Strand.

A. O. CHARLES, Hon. Sec.

### HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Redemption

from Disease.—The hidden cause, the unsuspected source of many a wasting sickness and failing strength, has been developed by these admirable Pills, and the application of the Ointment to the malady thus discovered has rescued many valuable lives from a continued torture and premature end. Piles, in all the many forms under which they afflict mankind, fistulas, strictures, inflammations, ulcerations, internal, external, recent, or chronic, are thus safely and speedily brought to a state of ease, and thence conducted to a lasting perfect cure. Both Ointment and Pills are innocent in composition; both are healing, purifying, and comforting; both are gentle in operation, and assist each other, ever helping, never thwarting Nature's acknowledged laws.

### KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

THE LIVER is justly credited with being the cause of many complaints. If inactive, or out of order, it becomes enlarged or irritated, producing Bilious Complaints, Jaundice, Sickness, Depression of Spirits, Irritability of Temper, &c. If neglected, a series of what are called Liver Complaints is produced, that render life insupportable. KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS have been found of the greatest value in all disorders of the liver, restoring the organ to complete health, and renovating the system.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

### HOBBS, HART, & CO.,

NO. 76, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

LOCKS—for Houses, Hotels, and Railway Offices, from 2s. to 16s.; for Mansions and Banks, 8s. to 50s.—adapted for all purposes.

FIRE-RESISTING SAFES, for private use, 20 to 36 inches, £4. to £10.; for Offices, 24 to 72 inches, £10. to £120.

H. H., & Co. solicit an examination (especially by engineers) of their three entirely new PRINCIPLES of construction for security of Safes and Doors. See Report in Retail List of Prices.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

### EDWARD LONDON, GUN AND RIFLE MAKER.

CENTRAL-FIRE BREECH-LOADERS.

DOUBLE-GRIP SNAP-ACTION BREECH-LOADERS.

SELF HALF-COCKING BREECH-LOADERS.

SINGLE BARREL BREECH-LOADERS.

RIFLES, MILITARY AND SPORTING.

MUZZLE-LOADERS CONVERTED.

Repairs of every description, and all articles necessary for Sportsmen and Riflemen.

51, LONDON WALL, LONDON.

### FILMER'S BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, AND BED-ROOM FURNITURE.

An ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, with prices of 1,000

ARTICLES of BED-ROOM FURNITURE, sent free by post on application to

FILMER & SON, Upholsterers,

31 and 32, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W.; Factory, 34 and 35, Charles-street.

### THE ALBERTA NEW FAMILY LOCK-STITCH MACHINE.

The Best and Cheapest Machine in the Market. Price, from Six Guineas.

### THE EXCELSIOR FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

These celebrated Machines are unrivalled. Price, £6. 6s.

### THE PRINCESS NEW HAND LOCK-STITCH MACHINE.

These Machines are on the most approved principles. Price Four Guineas.

No Lady should purchase without seeing the above. Lists free.

WHIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn Bars, London.

### BROWN AND POLSON'S

CORN FLOUR

for

Children's diet.

### BROWN AND POLSON'S

CORN FLOUR

to thicken

Sauces.

#### CAUTION.

To obtain extra profit by the sale, other qualities are sometimes audaciously substituted instead of

BROWN AND POLSON'S.

### COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, &c.

CAUTION to the PUBLIC in SICKNESS, &c.—It is of the utmost importance to the sick that they should receive a genuine and unadulterated Medicine. As there is no authorized CHLORODYNE but that having the name of Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE (the original and only discoverer), the Public are cautioned against accepting anything besides. All other compounds called CHLORODYNE, and represented as the "Original," or "Balsam," or "Emulsion," or "Liquor Chlorodyne," and so forth, are gross imitations and piracies of the only genuine, viz., Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE, as proved in Chancery. See the Lord Chancellor's Decision, *Times*, July 16, 1861.

Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT,

33, GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

### LAMPLOUGH'S

### PYRETIC SALINE

IS most refreshing and invigorating.—Exclusive, very important; rare and valuable are its properties also in curing bilious, sick, or nervous headache, in scarlet, typhus fevers, or other blood poisons. Drs. Johnson and Turley state in their lectures that for these it is a specific, "no other need be given."—Sold by chemists, and the maker, 113, Holborn Hill, London, E.C.



**SCOTT ADIE'S**  
**CELEBRATED SCOTCH FISHING, SHOOTING, AND TRAVELLING TWEEDS,**  
 Woven in the Hand Looms, of PURE HIGHLAND WOOLS, and suited for all Seasons and Climates, are on View at the  
**ROYAL SCOTCH WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON.**  
 Also **SCOTT ADIE'S FAMOUS "WATERPROOF" DEER-STALKING and DRIVING CLOAKS**  
 Always in great choice.  
**BOYS' HIGHLAND SUITS MADE TO ORDER.**  
 Entrance at **THE CORNER OF VIGO STREET ONLY.**

IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF  
**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE**  
 WILL BE COMMENCED  
**A NEW STORY BY CHARLES READE,**  
 ENTITLED  
**PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.**  
 SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—JOSEPH GILLOTT,**  
**METALLIC PEN MAKER** to the **QUEEN**, begs to inform the commercial world, scholastic institutions, and the public generally, that, by a novel application of his unrivalled machinery for making steel pens, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions which, for excellence of temper, quality of material, and, above all, cheapness in price, must ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; they are put up in boxes containing one gross each, with label outside, and the facsimile of his signature.

Sold Retail by all Stationers and Booksellers, Merchants and Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham-street, Birmingham; at 91, John-street, New York; and at 37, Gracechurch-street, London.

#### F. DIXON TAYLOR

Solicits attention to his

Greek Wines..... from 16s. per doz.	Sherry..... from 18s. per doz.
Hungarian Wines.. " 16s. "	Sparkling Hock... " 36s. "
Claret..... " 12s. "	(very superior.)
Burgundy..... " 18s. "	Sparkling Moselle.. " 36s. "
Champagne..... " 30s. "	(very superior.)
(recommended.)	Hock (still)..... " 24s. "
Port..... " 18s. "	Moselle (still)..... " 24s. "

P. O. O. payable at General Post-Office. Cross Cheques, London and County.  
 Terms Cash.

**F. DIXON TAYLOR,**

72, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

#### HEDGES & BUTLER

Solicit attention to their

**PURE ST. JULIEN CLARET,**

At 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., and 36s. per dozen.

Choice Clarets of various growths..... 42s., 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s., 96s.

**GOOD DINNER SHERRY,**

At 24s. and 30s. per dozen.

Superior Golden Sherry..... 36s. and 42s.  
 Choice Sherry—Pale, Golden, or Brown..... 48s., 64s., and 60s.

**HOCK and MOSELLE,**

At 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., and 84s.

Port from first-class Shippers..... 30s., 36s., 42s.  
 Very Choice Old Port..... 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

#### CHAMPAGNE

At 36s., 42s., 48s., and 60s.

Hochheimer, Marcobrunner, Rudesheimer, Steinberg, Liebfraumileh, 60s.;  
 Johannisberger and Steinberger, 72s., 84s., to 120s.; Braunberger, Grunhausen,  
 and Scharsberg, 48s. to 84s.; sparkling Moselle, 48s., 60s., 66s., 78s.; very choice  
 Champagne, 66s., 78s.; fine old Sack, Malmsey, Frontignac, Vermuth, Constantia,  
 Lachrymæ Christi, Imperial Tokay, and other rare Wines.

Fine old Pale Cognac Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., and 84s. per dozen.

Foreign Liqueurs of every description.

On receipt of a post-office order, or reference, any quantity will be forwarded immediately by

**HEDGES & BUTLER,**

LONDON: 155, REGENT STREET, W.

BRIGHTON: 30, KING'S ROAD.

(Originally Established A.D. 1667.)

DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.

**KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.**—This celebrated old Irish Whisky gained the Dublin Prize Medal. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in Bottles, 3s. 6d., at the retail houses in London; by the Agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at 8, Great Windmill-street, London, W. Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.**—Paris and Havre Exhibition Gold Medals.—CAUTION.—None genuine without Baron Liebig, the inventor's, signature being on every jar, accompanied by full printed directions. About 70 Pints of excellent beef-tea for 11s., the present reduced retail price per pound. Finest, most convenient, and by far the cheapest meat-flavouring ingredient for soups, made dishes, and sauces. Sold by all Italian Warehousemen, Chemists, Grocers, Ship Chandlers and Provision Dealers.

**HAISE'S GALVANIC APPARATUS.**—Extraordinary Cures of Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Muscular Power, Debility, Loss of Sleep, Indigestion, Asthma, Sciatica, Nervousness, &c. Send two stamps to Mr. Halse, Warwick Lodge, 40, Addison-road, Kensington, London, for his Pamphlet on Galvanism, which contains the particulars of the most extraordinary cures, after all medicines and other galvanic machines had been tried in vain.

**FOR FAMILY ARMS.**—Important to Every one.—Just completed, a valuable Index containing the Arms, Crests, and Mottoes of nearly every family in England, Scotland, and Ireland, the result of thirty years' labour, extracted from public and private records, church windows, monumental brasses, and other sources throughout the kingdom. Families desirous of knowing their correct crest should send name and county. Plain sketch, 3s. 6d.; Colours, 6s.; Arms, Crest, and Motto, beautifully painted, 12s. Pedigrees traced with the origin of family names; Wills searched; Arms quartered and impaled. The "Manual of Heraldry," 400 Engravings, 3s. 6d., post-free, by T. CULLETON, Genealogist, Lecturer on Heraldry, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martins'-lane).

**BOOK-PLATE** Engraved with Arms, 21s.; Crest on Seals or Rings, 7s. 6d.; Monograms on Seals or Dies, in the most elegant form, by T. CULLETON, Engraver to Her Majesty, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martins'-lane).

**SOLID GOLD SIGNET RINGS**, 18-carat, Hall-marked, Engraved with Crest, 42s.; Ditto, very massive, for Arms, Crests, and Motto, 44s. The Hall-mark is the only guarantee for pure gold. Send size of finger by fitting a piece of thread.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street, W.C.

**MONOGRAMS** by CULLETON.—GREAT NOVELTIES.—A Design post-free for 14 stamps. Five quire Note-paper and 100 Envelopes, stamped with monogram without any charge for the die, 6s.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martins'-lane), W.C.

#### NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE! AGUA AMARELLA

Restores the Human Hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age.

MESSRS. JOHN GOSNELL & CO.

have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent Chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the Public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price.

Sold in Bottles 2s. each, also 5s., 7s. 6d., or 15s. each, with brush.

Red Bull Wharf, Angel-passage, 93, Upper Thames-street, London, E.C.

**J. GOSNELL & CO'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE** is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO'S Extra Highly Scented Toilet and Nursery Powder.

Red Bull Wharf, 3, Upper Thames-street, London, E.C.

#### MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

FIRST-CLASS SUBSCRIPTION,

For a constant succession of the Best New Books,

**ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM,**

Commencing at any date.

BOOK SOCIETIES SUPPLIED ON LIBERAL TERMS.

Prospectuses postage free on application.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, NEW OXFORD STREET.

CITY OFFICE: 4, KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

By the **REV. ASHTON OXENDEN, M.A.,**

Rector of Pluckley, Kent, and Hon. Canon of Canterbury, &c.

**A SERMON**, Preached in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, at an Ordination held by the Lord Bishop of London, Archbishop (Elect) of Canterbury. Published by request. 8vo., 6d.

**THE PATHWAY of SAFETY**; or, Counsel to the Awakened. 156th Thousand. Cloth, 2s. 6d. Also,

**THE PARABLES** of our LORD. 16th Thousand. Cloth, 3s.

**THE HOME BEYOND**; or, A Happy Old Age. 76th Thousand. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**THE EARNEST COMMUNICANT**: a Course of Preparation for the Lord's Table. 162nd Thousand. 1s.

**SHORT SERVICES** for **SCHOOLROOM** and **COTTAGE LECTURES**. New Edition. Cloth, 4d.

London: **WILLIAM MACINTOSH**, 24, Paternoster-row.



13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

## HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS.

**HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.** By W. Hepworth DIXON. Dedicated, by express permission, to the Queen. Third Edition. 1 vol. 8vo. 15s.

"This charming volume will be the most popular of all Mr. Dixon's works. Under the treatment of so practised a master of our English tongue, the thread of the story becomes more fascinating than the daintiest of romances."—*Examiner*.

**LUCREZIA BORGIA, Duchess of Ferrara: a Biography.** Illustrated by Rare and Unpublished Documents. By WILLIAM GILBERT. 2 vols., with Portrait. 21s.

"An admirable and entertaining work. The public cannot fail to be delighted with it."—*Daily Telegraph*.

**THE GLADSTONE GOVERNMENT: being Cabinet Pictures.** By A. TEMPLAR. 1 vol. 8vo.

**LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE FOR 1869.** Under the especial patronage of Her Majesty. Corrected by the Nobility, and containing all the New Creations. 38th edition. 1 vol. With the Arms beautifully engraved. 31s. 6d., bound.

## THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.

**KITTY.** By M. Betham Edwards, Author of "A Winter with the Swallows," "Dr. Jacob," &c. 3 vols.

**META'S FAITH.** By the Author of "St. Olave's."

"This tale creates strong interest by the naturalness and force of its delineations of character."—*Athenæum*.

**ONLY AN EARL.** By the Countess Pisani. 3 vols.

"There is in this story much that is original, and a good deal that evinces talent."—*Observer*.

**WIFE AND CHILD.** By Miss Whitty. 3 vols.

"This book is decidedly worth reading."—*Athenæum*.

**TRIALS OF AN HEIRESS.** By the Hon. Mrs. Gifford. 3 vols. [February 26th.]

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANGEROUS CONNEXIONS." Ready at all Libraries, in 3 vols.

Robin Gray.

By CHARLES GIBBON.

BLACKIE & SON, 44, Paternoster-row.

This day is published, No. XX.

**TINSLEYS' MAGAZINE for March.** An Illustrated Monthly. Price One Shilling.

## CONTENTS:

1. Breaking a Butterfly; or, Blanche Ellerslie's Ending. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," &c. Chaps. XXVI.—XXVIII. (With an Illustration.)
2. Dr. Trusler's Maxims. (With several Illustrations.)
3. A Vaurien. (With an Illustration.) I. On the Mere. II. On the Island.
4. Studies in the Tower of London.
5. Sunnyside Gardens.
6. Legend of St. Valentine. (With an Illustration.)
7. A Day at Perugia.
8. The Genesis of the Cad.
9. Coming together.

A NEW BOOK OF TRAVELS BY CAPTAIN R. F. BURTON.

**EXPLORATIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF THE BRAZIL;** with a full account of the Gold and Diamond Mines; also, Canoeing down Fifteen Hundred Miles of the Great River São Francisco, from Sabara to the Sea. By Captain RICHARD F. BURTON, F.R.G.S., &c. In 2 vols. 8vo, with Illustrations and Maps. 30s. [Ready this day.]

**THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.** From Various Published and Original Sources. By F. W. HAWKINS. In 2 vols. 8vo. [Now Ready.]

**BRITISH SENATORS; or, Political Sketches, Past and Present.** By J. EWING RITCHIE. 1 vol. Post 8vo., 10s. 6d. [Ready this day.]

**ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPHS.** By an American. 1 vol. 8vo., 12s. [Ready this day.]

**MAXIMS BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.** By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." In 1 vol. Crown 8vo., bevelled boards, 7s. 6d. [Ready this day.]

## NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.

**ALL BUT LOST: a Novel.** By G. A. Henty, Author of "The March to Magdala." 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

**A LONDON ROMANCE.** By Charles H. Ross, Author of "The Pretty Widow," &c. In 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

**IN SILK ATTIRE: a Novel.** By William Black, Author of "Love, or Marriage?" 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

**THE TOWN-TALK of CLYDA: a Novel.** By the Author of "One Foot in the Grave." In 2 vols. [Ready this day.]

**JOHN TWILLER: a Romance of the Heart.** By D. P. STARKEY, LL.D. [Ready this day.]

Also now ready, uniform with the above,

**BRAKESPEARE.** By the Author of "Guy Livingstone."

NOTICE.—"AUSTIN FRIARS," a New Serial Story by the Author of "George Geith," will commence in the NEXT NUMBER of "TINSLEYS' MAGAZINE."

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18, Catherine-street, Strand.

## NEW WORKS.

**HISTORY OF GRANT'S CAMPAIGN** for the CAPTURE of RICHMOND, 1864—1865; with an Outline of the Previous Course of the American Civil War. By JOHN CANNON. Post 8vo. [Ready.]

**TRENCH'S REALITIES of IRISH LIFE.** Second Edition. Now Ready. Price 21s.

**ANALYSIS of the PHENOMENA of the HUMAN MIND.** By JAMES MILL. A New Edition, with Notes by ALEXANDER BAIN, ANDREW FINDLATER, and GEORGE GROTE. Edited, with additional Notes, by JOHN STUART MILL. 2 vols. 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

**MEMOIRS of BARON BUNSEN.** By his Widow, FRANCES Baroness BUNSEN. Second Edition, abridged and corrected. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Portraits, 21s.

**HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND TIMES of EDWARD III.** By WILLIAM LONGMAN. With 9 Maps and Plans, 8 Plates, and 16 Woodcut Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 29s.

**THE TALE OF THE GREAT PERSIAN WAR,** from the Histories of Herodotus. By the Rev. GEO. W. COX, M.A. Second Edition, revised. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**THE THREE FOUNTAINS: a Faëry** Epic of Euboea; with other Verses. By the Author of "The Afterglow." Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**THE AFTERGLOW: Songs and Sonnets** for my Friends. By the Author of "The Three Fountains." Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**THE ODYSSEY of HOMER.** Translated into Blank Verse by G. W. EDGINTON. Vol. I. 8vo., with Map, 10s. 6d.

**MATERIALS for a HISTORY of OIL PAINTING.** By Sir CHARLES LOCKE EASTLAKE, some time President of the Royal Academy. Vol. II. 8vo. 14s.

**THE LIFE of FRANZ SCHUBERT.** Translated from the German of K. VON HELLBORN by A. D. COLBRIDGE, M.A. With an Appendix by G. GROVE, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo., with Portrait. 21s.

**THE THEORY of OCULAR DEFECTS** and of SPECTACLES. Translated from the German of Dr. H. SCHEFFLER by R. B. CARTER. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**HOLMES on the SURGICAL TREATMENT of CHILDREN'S DISEASES.** Second Edition, revised, with new Chapters on Orthopaedic Surgery and Paracentesis Thoracis. 8vo. Illustrations. [On Thursday next.]

**THE FEMALE GLORY: Life of the Blessed Virgin.** By A. STAFFORD. New Edition, with an Essay on the Cultus of the B. V. M., and Facsimiles of the Original Illustrations. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**THE FORMATION of CHRISTENDOM.** PART the SECOND. By T. W. ALLIES. 8vo. 12s.

**HORNE'S INTRODUCTION to the HOLY SCRIPTURES.** Twelfth Edition, as last corrected and brought up to the existing state of Biblical Knowledge; with Maps, Woodcuts, and Fac-similes. 4 vols. 8vo., 42s.

**COMMENTARIES on the HISTORY, CONSTITUTION, and CHARTERED FRANCHISES of the CITY of LONDON.** By GEORGE NORTON. Third Edition, revised, with a copious Index. 8vo. Price 14s.

**THE NORTHERN HEIGHTS of LONDON: Historical Associations of Hampstead, Highgate, Muswell Hill, Hornsey, and Islington.** By WILLIAM HOWITT. Square Crown 8vo. With 40 Woodcuts, 21s.

**THE POLAR WORLD: a Popular Description of Man and Nature in the Arctic and Antarctic Regions of the Globe.** By Dr. GEORGE HARTWIG. With Maps, Illustrations in Colours, and Woodcuts, 8vo., 21s.

**HORSE and MAN: being Hints to Horsemen.** By C. S. MARCH PHILLIPPS, Author of "Jurisprudence." Fcap. 8vo. [Next week.]

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, & DYER.



## MESSRS. RIVINGTON'S NEW LIST.

**THE REFORMATION of the CHURCH of ENGLAND:** its History, Principles, and Results. A.D. 1514-1547. By JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., Vicar of Kennington, Oxford, Editor of "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer," Author of "Directorium Pastorale," &c. &c. 8vo., 16s.

**THE WITNESS of the OLD TESTAMENT to CHRIST.** The Boyle Lectures for the Year 1868. By the Rev. STANLEY LEATHES, M.A., Preacher at St. James's, Westminster, and Professor of Hebrew in King's College, London. 8vo., 9s.

"Mr. Leathes' lectures are a learned and interesting argument in support of the existence, as a matter of fact, of a Messianic element in the Old Testament Scriptures; and he very justly considered that this fact, if established, would furnish a ground of appeal not only to Christians, but to those non-Christian classes for whose benefit Robert Boyle designed his endowment. An argument from internal evidence of a broad and general character is, perhaps, the most widely useful of all, for it appeals to facts which are in every one's hands. Mr. Leathes discusses in detail several circumstances and passages in the Old Testament, and shows, we think conclusively, that if not Messianic they mean nothing, in which case their existence is inexplicable, and they cease to be of any value. He insists, moreover, with considerable force, that this argument is in great measure independent of disputes respecting the date and authenticity of the several books."—*Times*.

**SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.** By HENRY PARRY LIDDON, M.A., Student of Christ's Church, Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury. Third Edition. Crown 8vo., 5s.

**THE DIVINITY of OUR LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST:** being the Bampton Lectures for 1866. By HENRY PARRY LIDDON, M.A., Student of Christ Church, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury. Third Edition. Crown 8vo., 5s.

**SKETCHES of the RITES and CUSTOMS of the GRECO-RUSSIAN CHURCH.** By H. C. ROMANOFF. With an Introductory Notice by the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

"The twofold object of the work is 'to present the English with correct descriptions of the ceremonies of the Greco-Russian Church, and at the same time with pictures of domestic life in Russian homes, especially those of the clergy and the middle class of nobles; and, beyond question, the author's labour has been so far successful that, whilst her Church scenes may be commended as a series of most dramatic and picturesque tableaux, her social sketches enable us to look at certain points beneath the surface of Russian life, and materially enlarge our knowledge of a country concerning which we have still a very great deal to learn.'—*Athenæum*.

"The picture here given shows us lively and quick-witted men and women, with the shades and mixtures of character with which most modern novel-writing has made us familiar; and it shows these persons taking most kindly and naturally to their curiously elaborate and minute ritual as it comes as a matter of course into all their concerns, associated from its ancient and customary character with all their joys and sorrows, their loves and hopes, and allying itself to them all with singular flexibility, and, in spite of an excessive amount of external symbolism and action, with much delicacy and appropriateness of pathetic and touching expression. The subject is made the most of by an observant and sympathetic reporter, who describes customs and ceremonies with the most elaborate and grave exactness, the fruit of a genuine liking for Russian character and a genuine approval of Russian ways, which does not exclude a perception of the extremely odd side which they sometimes display, and an occasional arch expression of amusement, though it leaves little room or taste for criticism."—*Saturday Review*.

**THE ANNOTATED BOOK of COMMON PRAYER:** being an Historical, Ritual, and Theological Commentary on the Devotional System of the Church of England. Edited by JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A. Third Edition. Imp. 8vo., 36s.; large paper edition, Royal 4to., £3. 3s.

**DEVOTIONAL COMMENTARY on the GOSPEL ACCORDING to ST. MATTHEW.** Translated from PASQUIER QUESNEL. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.** By HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, M.A. New Edition. Small 8vo., 5s.

**ISOCRATIS ORATIONES.** Edited by JOHN EDWIN SANDYS, B.A., Fellow and Lecturer of St. John's College, and Lecturer at Jesus College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. Ad Demonium et Panegyricus. Price 4s. 6d.

"This is one of the most excellent works of that excellent series, the 'Catena Classicorum.' Isocrates has not received the attention to which the simplicity of his style and the purity of his Attic language entitle him as a means of education. Now that we have so admirable an edition of two of his works best adapted for such a purpose, there will no longer be any excuse for this neglect. For carefulness and thoroughness of editing it will bear comparison with the best, whether English or foreign. Besides an ample supply of exhaustive notes of rare excellence, we find in it valuable remarks on the style of Isocrates and the state of the text, a table of various readings, a list of editions, and a special introduction to each piece. As in other editions of this series, short summaries of the argument are inserted in suitable places, and will be found of great service to the student. The commentary embraces explanations of difficult passages, with instructive remarks on grammatical usages, and the derivation and meanings of words illustrated by quotations and references. Occasionally the student's attention is called to the moral sentiment expressed or implied in the text. With all this abundance of annotation, founded on a diligent study of the best and latest authorities, there is no excess of matter and no waste of words. The elegance of the exterior is in harmony with the intrinsic worth of the volume."—*Athenæum*.

"By editing Isocrates Mr. Sandys does good service to students and teachers of Greek prose. He places in our hands in a convenient form an author who will be found of great use in public schools, where he has been hitherto almost unknown. . . . Mr. Sandys worthily sustains as a commentator the name which he has already won. The historical notes are good, clear, and concise; the grammatical notes scholarly and practically useful. Many will be welcome alike to master and pupil."—*Cambridge University Gazette*.

**ARITHMETIC, Theoretical and Practical;** adapted for the use of Colleges and Schools. By W. H. GIRDLESTONE, M.A., of Christ's College, Cambridge, Principal of the Theological College, Gloucester. Crown 8vo., 6s. 6d.

"Without attempting any comparisons with the valuable and well-known treatise by Dr. Colenso, Barnard Smith, and others, we may congratulate Mr. Girdlestone on having produced a thoroughly philosophical book on this most useful subject. It appears to be especially suited for older students, who, having been taught imperfectly and irrationally in the earlier part of their school career, desire to go over the whole ground again from the beginning; but in the hands of an intelligent and discriminating teacher it may also be perfectly adapted to the comprehension of young boys."—*Times*.

**SELECTIONS from MODERN FRENCH AUTHORS.** With English Notes and Introductory Notice. By HENRI VAN LAUN, French Master at Cheltenham College. Part I. Honoré de Balzac. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

"This selection answers to the requirements expressed by Mr. Lowe in one of his speeches on education, where he recommended that boys should be attracted to the study of French by means of its lighter literature. M. van Laun has executed the task of selection with excellent taste. The episodes which he has chosen from the vast 'Human Comedy' are naturally such as do not deal with passions and experiences that are proper to mature age. Even thus limited, he had an overwhelming variety of materials to choose from, and his selection gives a fair impression of the terrible power of this wonderful writer, the study of whom is one of the most important means of self-education open to a cultivated man in the nineteenth century."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

**SOPHOCLES TRAGOEDIAE.** Edited by R. C. JEBB, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Part I. The Electra, 3s. 6d. Part II. The Ajax, 3s. 6d.

"Of Mr. Jebb's scholarly edition of the 'Electra' of Sophocles we cannot speak too highly. The whole play bears evidence of the taste, learning, and fine scholarship of its able editor. Illustrations drawn from the literature of the Continent as well as of England, and the researches of the highest classical authorities, are embodied in the notes, which are brief, clear, and always to the point."—*London Review*.

"The Introduction proves that Mr. Jebb is something more than a mere scholar—a man of real taste and feeling. His criticism upon Schlegel's remarks on the 'Electra' are, we believe, new, and certainly just. As we have often had occasion to say in this Review, it is impossible to pass any reliable criticism upon school-books until they have been tested by experience. The notes, however, in this case appear to be clear and sensible, and direct attention to the points where attention is most needed."—*Westminster Review*.

**A PERSII FLACCI SATIRARUM LIBER.** Edited by A. PRETOR, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge; Classical Lecturer of Trinity Hall. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

**SOIMÊME: a Story of a Wilful Life.** Small 8vo., 3s. 6d.

**NEWMAN'S (J. H.) PAROCHIAL and PLAIN SERMONS.** Edited by the Rev. W. J. COPELAND, Rector of Farnham, Essex. From the Text of the last Editions published by Messrs. Rivington. Complete in 8 vols. Crown 8vo., each 5s.

**THE SWORD and the KEYS.** The Civil Power in its Relations to the Church; considered with Special Reference to the Court of Final Ecclesiastical Appeal in England. With Appendix containing all Statutes on which the Jurisdiction of that Tribunal over Spiritual Causes is Founded, and also all Ecclesiastical Judgments delivered by it since those published by the Lord Bishop of London in 1865. By JAMES WAYLAND JOYCE, M.A., one of the Clergy Proctors for the Diocese of Hereford. 8vo., 10s. 6d.

**THE ORTHODOX CHURCH of the EAST in the EIGHTEENTH CENTURY;** Being the Correspondence between the Eastern Patriarchs and the Nonjuring Bishops. With an Introduction on Various Projects of Reunion between the Eastern Church and the Anglican Communion. By GEORGE WILLIAMS, B.D., Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 8vo., 7s. 6d.

**ANNALS of the BODLEIAN LIBRARY,** Oxford, from its Foundation to A.D. 1867; containing an account of the various Collections of Printed Books and MSS. there preserved, with a brief Preliminary Sketch of the earlier Library of the University. By W. D. MACRAY, M.A., Assistant in the Library, Chaplain of Magdalen and New Colleges. 8vo., 12s.

**DEAN ALFORD'S GREEK TESTAMENT,** with English Notes. (Intended for the Upper Forms of Schools and for Passmen at the Universities.) Abridged by BRADLEY H. ALFORD, M.A., Leavenheath, Colchester, late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.

**LIBER PRECUM PUBLICARUM ECCLESIE ANGLICANÆ.** A GULIELMO BRIGHT, A.M., et PETRO GOLDSMITH MEDD, A.M., Presbyteris, Collegii Universitatis in Acad. Oxon. Sociis, Latine redditus. New Edition, in an elegant pocket volume, with all the Rubrics in red. Small 8vo., 6s.

WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON; HIGH STREET, OXFORD; TRINITY STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON: Printed by CHARLES WYMAN, at the Printing Office of Wyman & Sons, 74 & 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the County of Middlesex, and published, for the Proprietors, by ISAAC SEAMAN, at No. 11, Southampton-street, Strand, in the same County.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1869.